Vol. CXXIX. No. 1684.

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[THE BYSTANDER, MARCH 25, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

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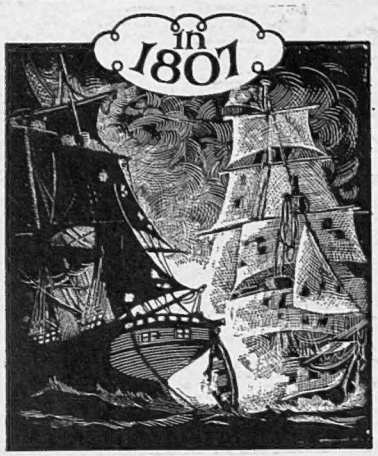

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JACK ANTHONY on
THE HORSE TO WIN THE NATIONAL
IN THE
SPORTING
AND DRAMATIC of March 20.

The Bystander, March 25, 1936

No. 1684. Vol. CXXIX.

The BYSTANDER

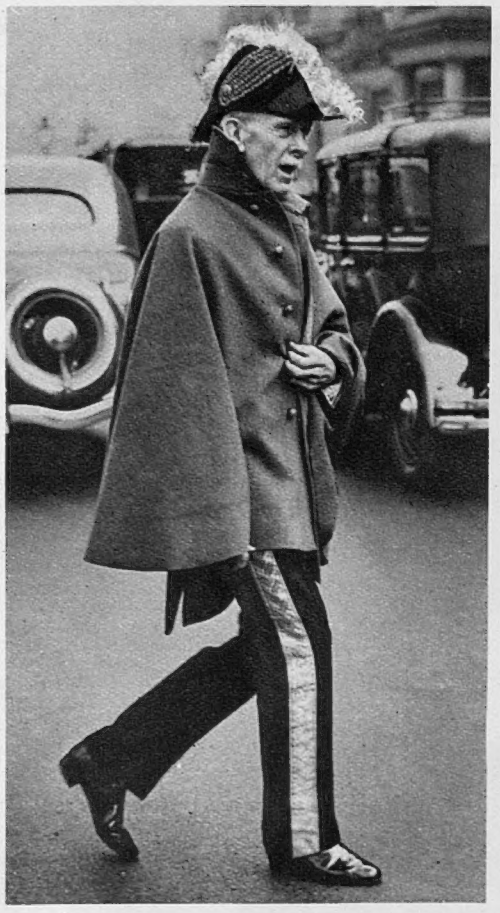
Cannons of Hollywood

Jeanne de Casalis — Actress, Playwright and Pilot

"Pilot" is Miss de Casalis's latest title; she has only just qualified as one. Her joint play with R. C. Sherriff about Napoleon, *St. Helena*, has just been transferred to Daly's after a prolonged run at the Old Vic; it has been described as "one of the few notable plays of our time," and packed the Old Vic, after Winston Churchill had drawn London's attention to its merits, as few productions there have done. Jeanne de Casalis was born in South Africa but educated in Paris, began her career by appearing in Cannes, and then in New York; after that she came to London, in 1921, and since then has divided her time between France, America and England, with England getting the lion's share. One of her last performances was in *The Mask of Virtue*, when Vivien Leigh made her debut. She is well-known over the air, too, especially as creator of "Mrs. Feather"

King Edward's First Levée

Comings and Goings at Buckingham Palace



The Marquess of Salisbury arrived wearing a cape over his uniform to keep out the fresh March wind

Lord Eustace Percy, Minister without Portfolio, and Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, Secretary of State for the Dominions, were two members of the Government who arrived together

Colonel Leonard Ropner, M.P., wore Deputy Lieutenant's uniform; he is a Durham D.L.

M. Constantine de Masirevich, the new Hungarian Minister, attended his first Levée, and with the other members of the Diplomatic Corps was introduced by the Marshal of the Corps and named to the King by the Lord Steward

Left: Sir Noel Curtis-Bennett is with Sir Patrick Duff, Secretary to the Office of Works, and formerly Private Secretary to the Prime Minister (Baldwin and Macdonald by turns) from 1923 to 1933

Right: Mr. Richard Sorabji leaving the Palace after attending the Levée

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester at a Point-to-Point

The point-to-point was the Staff College and Mounted Infantry Club meeting at the Remount Depot, Arborfield; the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester went over from the Royal Pavilion at Aldershot, where they are living while the Duke, who is a Major in the 10th Hussars, is at the Staff College. The Duchess of Gloucester's youngest and only unmarried sister, Lady Angela Scott, has just announced her engagement; pictures of her and her fiancé appear on another page

Photographs by Yevonde

They Are Engaged

Lady Angela Scott and Lieut.-Commander Peter Dawnay

Lady Angela Scott is the last of the late Duke of Buccleuch's five daughters to get engaged; the announcement that she and Lt.-Commander Peter Dawnay are to be married was made last week. He is the second son of the late Major the Hon. Hugh Dawnay and Lady Susan Dawnay, and a second cousin of the two-year-old Marquess of Waterford and of Viscount Downe. Lady Angela Scott is a sister of the present Duke of Buccleuch and of the Duchess of Gloucester. Like the rest of her family, she makes her life a country and not a London one. Her fiancé was promoted Lieutenant-Commander last year; he is thirty-two

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

We Knew Better

WE would rather not talk about Hurst Park last Saturday week, but suppose we must. Our disgruntled state is the result of our own mule-like behaviour when told to back Le Petit Pierrot. We thought we knew better—and how! The agony of celebrating the treasured tip and pretending we had done it, not daring to admit our stupidity, was punishment enough.

Another friend of ours said, "I 'm psychic, and something tells me to back d'Eyncourt." "Psychic, my foot!" we thought, and d'Eyncourt won at about sixteen to one.

Back from Port Said

HOWEVER, the weather was grand, and Countess de Pret Roose in mink and slate-blue looked terribly smart. Lady Sybil Lygon in a leopard-skin coat, the embodiment of health and good spirits after a cruise, or trip to some warmer climate; Robert Heber Percy, who we thought had departed round the world, but got bored by the time he reached Port Said, and popped back; pretty Rosemary Robertson, in smart tweeds, escorted by a couple of muffled-up Weldon brothers, were among those we saw.

Suitably Bronzed

AT the Ritz on Monday, before lunch, we ran into Sir Michael Assheton Smith, just back from Morocco. He seems to have enjoyed it a lot, and is suitably bronzed.

Lady Seafield and her husband, with Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley, on the contrary, had the worst luck in the world at Estoril. They hit a rainy spell instead of the usual sunshine, got severe colds all round, and were glad to be back in time for our own really delicious glimpses of spring.

An Attractive Personality

THE interest that was taken in Mr. Rupert Belleville's case last week (a £10 fine for a more or less trivial offence), only proves the importance of possessing "personality."

He is a young man who appears not to care a jot for anyone on earth, and less than that for the opinion of the world, yet few people have more real or devoted friends. There must be something more than personality about anyone who can make and keep the friends that he does.

We hear that he is off to Valencia and Seville at any moment, and he really should get on with a book he once started about his beloved Spain. Even a certain publisher was extremely polite about the opening chapters, and they are grim enough as a rule about any first attempt, as we all know.

Before—

—After

Two last-week pictures of Herr von Ribbentrop, German Ambassador-at-Large: as he arrived at Croydon to take part in the League Council meeting, and as he left the meeting after stating the German case and hearing the Council take note of his country's breaking of two treaties

"I Told You So!"

A "STUBBORN scandal-monger" was a lovely epithet we heard for the first time the other day. It resulted from a frantic argument over some utterly unimportant bit of gossip about which the attacker was hopelessly wrong, but stuck to her guns like grim death.

After all, gossip consists of light-hearted anecdotes, and is never worth fighting about; but people have a mania for "being right," and being able to say, "I told you so" at all costs. Lives and reputations may be shattered in the proving, but as long as he or she can prove the malice of their incorrect statements, they are satisfied.

After the Lull

ENERGETIC Young Conservatives have worked untiringly to ensure the success of their ball at the Dorchester to-morrow night.

The Chairman, Lady Rachel Stuart, and the Duchess of Atholl, have promised to receive the guests, and a number of well-known people have taken tickets and made up parties for the ball.

After the recent lull in charity functions, we can look forward to a party like this with real enjoyment.

Riding an Elephant

HARRY ROY ("Prince Pearl") has been working overtime lately. However, as he is earning £700 a week at the Palladium, he is not grumbling.

When we went to see the opening night we could not help feeling it was lucky his father-in-law, the White Rajah Brooke of Sarawak, was not there to see him, dressed as a Rajah, make his dramatic entry riding an elephant. He might not have thought it in the best of taste. However, Princess Pearl, sitting in the royal box, did not seem to mind.

After the show Harry goes on to the May Fair to play during supper.

When he does a broadcast he gets exactly £50 from the generous B.B.C.

It is interesting to compare him with Guy Lombardo, now playing at that

A Brilliant English Quartet

Right: Lauri Kennedy, Lionel Tertis, William Murdoch and Albert Sammons, all well-known soloists, call themselves the Chamber Music Players when they play quartets; they were rehearsing for Mrs. Augustus Ralli's concert last Sunday—one of her British Artists' series. Lauri Kennedy's 'cello is a Grancino (1713); Lionel Tertis' viola is a Montagnana (1717); and Albert Sammons' violin is a Matteo Gofriller (1696); the three together are worth well over £2,000

The Duke of Atholl and Miss Clarke Rattray

The Duke of Atholl, who was with Miss Clarke Rattray, was one of the many Boer War veterans who saw the New Gallery première of "Rhodes of Africa." He commanded two regiments of his own Scottish Horse out there in1900

Swaebe

Lord Strabolgi was at the Première

Lord Strabolgi was another première-goer at the New Gallery last week. Although he succeeded his father two years ago, it's still as Commander Kenworthy he is most easily thought of

famous and high-hat joint, the Rainbow Room in New York. In the course of an evening of dancing Lombardo appears himself occasionally to hit the piano. For this he gets paid £1500 a week, which is the same as Eddie Cantor gets for a single broadcast in America.

Youthful Sophistication

THE still prevalent deep mourning is extraordinarily becoming, especially when it's the background for extremely attractive jewellery, and worn by beautiful young women like Lady Jersey and Mrs. Anthony Acton.

In a way, these two are alike; short, straight noses, very alive brown eyes, and the same air of youthful sophistication. The Jersey's new flat in Grosvenor Square is charming, and the very youthful Lady Caroline has one all to herself in the same building. If that is not emancipation at two years old, we long to know what is.

A Recent Bridegroom

To have luncheon at the Berkeley on a bright spring day is one of the most agreeable things one can do. We saw Miss Phyllis Monkman and Mrs. Leake (better known as Betty Chester) at a table in a bow window. They were in the Co-Optimists together, and have been great friends ever since.

Sir Anthony Weldon and Mr. Camillo Aldao, who married Mrs. Manville Gould in New York the other day, were lunching together, and at an adjacent table; Lady Dorothy Lygon was probably hearing all about Mrs. "Poppet" Jackson's recent visit to Morocco. Mrs. Sieff we saw there, too. She tells us she is off to Africa after Easter.

"Hay Fever"

PEOPLE are beginning to wonder about this "Hay fever" that is sweeping the country. The truth is that a man called Dr. Hay invented a diet which is supposed to be in accordance with Nature.

Briefly, it means you must not mix carbo-hydrates (starches) with proteins (meats). If you want to have a starchy orgy of potatoes, rice or bread, it is quite O.K. so long as you eat it alone and all at one meal.

The same goes for proteins. Dangerous mixtures are ham sandwiches, "hot dogs," roast beef and Yorkshire pudding.

We cannot vouch for the good of this simple diet, but are told that it prevents that sleepy, sinking feeling after lunch, and that it makes one sleep and altogether feel better.

Lenare

The Hungarian Minister's Daughter

Mlle. Constance de Masirevich is an attractive addition to the social side of London diplomacy. Her father, M. Constantine de Masirevich, presented his letters of Credence as Hungarian Minister to the King ten days ago

Foolproof Meals

WE have got as far as buying the chart (imported from America; price one dollar) and studying it. You turn an arrow to any food you fancy and a table tells you what you are allowed to mix with it. The chart is called "Dr. Hay's Foolproof Meal Chart." One item says: "Water is needed only to squench the thirst."

Foods marked in red are not recommended at all. There is only one red vegetable — rhubarb. This upset us a lot, because we can distinctly remember being made to eat rhubarb, and, what 's more, being given a medicine called "Tincture of Rhubarb" when young. Maybe we 're wrong.

An Unaffected Star

IT was at Mrs. Nick Prinsep's new flat off Curzon Street that we found Virginia Cherrill, enjoying a nursery tea in the midst of a cocktail-party (bread and butter and a glass of milk). She is surely the most unaffected of all film stars, and lovely even in the tinted spectacles she nearly always wears.

Mrs. Woolf Barnato was there, too, her brunette beauty enhanced by a white dress and a sumptuous white fox cape. We went on to that absorbing film, *Rhodes of Africa*, in which her father-in-law, the late Barney Barnato, is shown as one of the most important figures in South Africa before the war.

Returned from the States

COCKTAIL-parties and luncheon dates (too many!) being the only gaieties at the moment, the restaurants are fuller than ever of people who feel like "going out and going places." At the Café de Paris the other night, Mr. David and Lady Ann Rhys were in a large party,

which included Miss Nancy Malcolmson, who recently returned from the States, and Mr. Eric Hatry, to whom the same description applies. Mr. and Mrs. Berkeley Sheffield were there, she wearing a lovely ermine coat. The prettiest woman in the room was Mrs. David Heneage, who was with the James Hennesseys.

Mr. John Loder was dancing with a beautiful Russian girl, who was one of last year's Dorchester Follies.

New Paradise for Skiers

LANDING in England this week in a black monoplane piloted by the Count, are Count and Countess de Gaillard de la Valdène. The Countess (Lili Alvarez) is going to play at Wimbledon this year, but she has not started practice yet. In the Davis Cup she will play for France instead of for Spain now.

For some years they have been searching for the ideal winter sports resort in the French Alps. At last they have found it. The French Government have guaranteed them three million francs, but they are planning to make it an international resort, and have come to look for support from England. We cannot give away the position yet, but the Countess tells us it is 1500 metres high in a windless valley with slopes of powder snow rising on each side, so that a funicular station could be built in the middle and run up on each mountain.

Count Jean de Gaillard won a D.S.O. in the war while serving in the French Air Force. He also won four bullet wounds in his legs which prevent him from ski-ing or playing tennis with his wife. He is still, however, an ace pilot, and is now teaching the Countess to fly.

A Broken Bracelet

THE party at Craven Lodge last Saturday night sounds like great fun. In addition to all the bright sparks in the locality, people came from far and wide for what was certain to be a good evening.

Mrs. Leo Partridge, whose figure is the envy of all her sex, was looking her best in a green dress; Mrs. Murray Smith, back from her brief honeymoon, Lady Ainsworth and Lady Markham, were three of the prettiest women there.

Mrs. Gilbey found that her intriguing head-veil was too much for a country party, and also had the bad luck to break a diamond bracelet, which was being auctioned (in pieces) by the heartless finder!

A Well-Built Napoleon

HAVING heard so much about ex-Old Vic *St. Helena*, we threw our box of Tunis dates to the wind, and groped our way to Row O at Daly's last Thursday night.

Keneth Kent, with a built-up nose, and probably a " built-up area " about his middle, gave a marvellous performance as poor " General Bonaparte " (the cruel English Governor wouldn't call him " the Emperor ").

Any of you, who either like history, or enjoy a really good play, better not miss this particular entertainment.

At the Embassy Club afterwards we found Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn, Mr. Korda and Mr. John Sutro in one party, and Valerie, Lady Brougham and Vaux and Lady Marguerite Strickland, the one a typical English rose, the other with all the something or other of Ruritania in every rich and vibrant line.

MISS PEEPS

Herbert Marshall Takes Them Round

Admiral Sir Reginald Hall, like all good visitors to California, was shown round the cinema studios at Hollywood. Herbert Marshall, in the middle, was the guide, and Lady Dent, whose husband, Sir Francis Dent, is a Director of the Southern Railway, went round with them

Fiancé and Fiancée

The Hon. Sara Vanneck has announced her engagement to David Peel, the only son of the late Rev. the Hon. Maurice and Mrs. Peel, and a nephew of Earl Peel. He was organising a Public School tour in Australia, and met Sara Vanneck there. Her father, Lord Huntingfield, is Governor of Victoria

The Fisherman's Dream

Left: this catch of salmon from the Tweed was made by Mrs. Hamilton's party at South Wark, Berwick. The party is Commander Lister-Kaye, Sir Paul Latham, Mrs. Hamilton, the Marquess of Tweeddale, and the Earl and Countess of Lauderdale

Right: Mrs. Woolley-Hart and Miss Evelyne Norris are on the former's own island in the Bermudas. It is called Tucker's Island, and the house was once the Governor of Bermuda's. The " plantation " kerchiefs are correct wear out there

Queen of the Island

Dorothy Wilding

Margaret Rawlings as Mrs. Katie O'Shea

"The triangular affair between Charles Stewart Parnell, Katie O'Shea and the Irish Party . . . has been the subject of several plays already," says the *New Yorker*. The latest to be produced is Elsie Schauffler's *Parnell*, which McClintic directed in New York. Margaret Rawlings played Parnell's second love over there, and now she is back in England to take the same part at the Gate Theatre some time near Easter. English Miss Rawlings was born in Japan, went up to Lady Margaret Hall at Oxford, and appeared, as an undergraduate, with Masefield's company at the Little. It wasn't long before she made her name, and when the Censor saw her as Salomé in Oscar Wilde's play (also at the Gate), he took his ban off it. Norman Marshall, who produces the banned *Parnell*, hopes that this will happen again, although descendants of the Irish patriot and of Mrs. O'Shea are still alive. Joan Crawford is to play the part created by Miss Rawlings in the film version of *Parnell*

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Uncle André and Uncle Jim

"The Town Talks" (Vaudeville Theatre)

ANDRÉ CHARLOT gives the town a very bright show to go to at the Vaudeville, though not actually much to talk about. It is all very pleasant, amusing to listen to and easy to look at, but while it rarely descends to the depths, it seldom attains the really high lights.

All the sketches are from the pen of Arthur Macrae, who, for the most part, seems to be well aware that brevity is the soul of wit. His "Tea for Two" is particularly short and snappy, but in "Mid-Season Madness" he rather forgets this principle, so excellent in revue work, and in "Platform Manner," clever as Arthur Riscoe is in the wordless performance of an election candidate, he keeps it going just a shade too long.

Vivian Ellis provides the music, much of which is charming, notably "The Hat," where we see June as a dancing vendeuse trying to sell a hat to an infuriatingly difficult customer. Being in pantomime, it has an advantage over some of his other numbers, in which the music is let down by the lyrics, though he has pulled off a really happy combination of words and music in "There Never Was a Girl Like Mary," which is likely to prove the most popular song in the show.

It is difficult to believe that the same man could have written anything so extremely unfunny as "There Goes My Aunt," or anything as dull as "Centre Court Sam." Donald Stewart, a young American with a pleasant personality and a good voice, is unlucky in having to sponsor both these songs. An outstanding feature is the improvement in June's work; she always could, and still does, dance delightfully, but the voice which used to be just a little pipe is now much better and stronger, in addition to which she shows her histrionic powers in a remarkably clever imitation of Elisabeth Bergner, and in the sketch, "The Charm Child," she hits the nail right on the head as the child film star.

Arthur Riscoe is untiringly successful in his efforts to amuse and shows his versatility by being as good in the music-hall type of bun-gnawing schoolboy as he is in his faithful parody of Cedric Hardwicke in *Tovarich*. Phyllis Stanley does good work throughout, and Gertrude Musgrove shows a sense of humour that may do great things for her later.

Arthur Riscoe is a gymnastic instructor whose chest-thumping frightens his "sweetie" (Phyllis Stanley) into reluctant activity on the horse

The Lady of the Hat . . . June in one of her delightful dancelets

Sketches by Rouson

Second Thoughts on First Nights *(Continued from page 509)*

The dresses and colouring are lovely, and the setting is effective; the chorus is not drilled to that high standard of perfect synchronisation expected in big, spectacular revues, but as the girls are all young and very beautiful this doesn't really matter.

"Dusty Ermine" (Comedy Theatre)

THE night I went to the Comedy to see *Dusty Ermine* a very large percentage of the people in the theatre had the most regrettable coughs. Now it is a strange phenomenon that if a play is really holding an audience they don't cough, even if they have genuine reason to; they know that the feeling of the house would be against them. But it would be difficult to take a hearty human interest in the Kent family; their home life strikes no familiar chord; they do not run true to any standard; even domestic life as depicted on the stage cannot have seen their like.

For many generations the men of the family have been distinguished and honourable members of the legal profession; now their copy-book has been blotted by Uncle Jim (David Horne), the genial brother of Walter Kent, K.C. (Douglas Jeffries), who has indulged in forgery as a more lucrative side-line, and we see the family assembled to greet him on his return from five years at Dartmoor. One would imagine he would provide an awful warning for the younger generation, instead of which Gilbert (William Fox), the son of the house, is inspired to follow in uncle's footsteps. He is an uncouth, objectionable young man, incapable of doing well at anything, so it seems a pity that the genial Jim should take on his shoulders the blame for the new lot of forged notes that have been traced to the Kent family—a futile act of self-sacrifice, as Gilbert later comes to his inevitably sticky end.

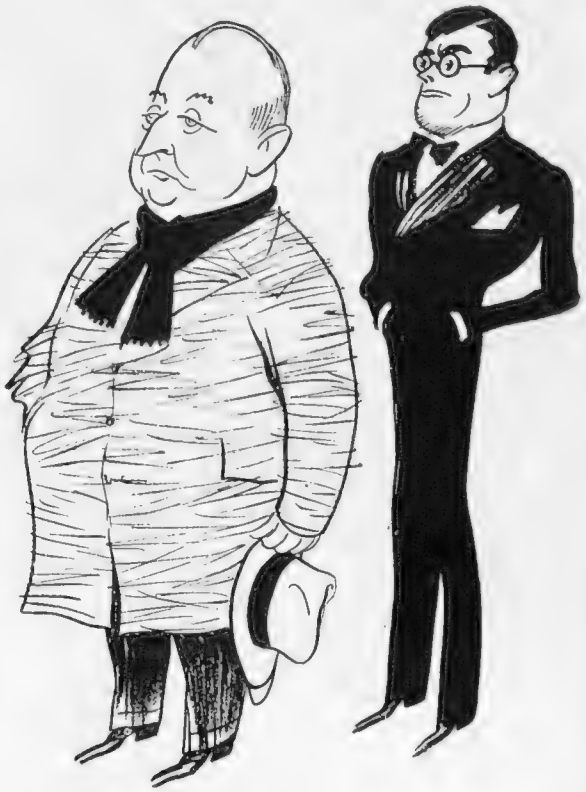
The daughter, Lynda (Leonora Corbett), is a young person full of self-confidence; she stalks about her home declaring her conviction that she is bound to be a howling success as an opera singer and a film star; almost anyone would give long odds against it, but she was right, for in the last act she is offered a contract at a fabulous salary by some film magnate!

Mr. and Mrs. Kent are flaccid parents who accept the vagaries of their offspring with vaguely inept remarks and ask no questions.

Rosalind Atkinson gives a remarkably good performance as Janet, wife of Gilbert; Merle Tottenham as the parlourmaid is her usual amusing self; and as David Gardner, a parti-coloured character, A. R. Whatmore makes the best of a bad thing, but on the whole the acting is somewhat flat, perhaps on account of the material provided by the author, Neil Grant. One can only heartily agree with Lynda Kent when she says, "We are a strange family."

Douglas Jeffries is Walter Kent—a K.C. who should never have taken silk

Sketches by Rouson



Gilbert Kent only sneers when Lynda confronts him with his home-made money; Uncle Jim—back from Dartmoor—was in the same line once and looks more complacent, but Lynda's week-end guest seems pained (William Fox, Leonora Corbett, David Horne and A. R. Whatmore)

Photographs by Anthony

Dame Quickly

Gladys Parr is a guest artist of the Vic-Wells Opera Company for the performances of "Falstaff," and takes the part of the go-between Dame Quickly with much liveliness and humour

Right: Arnold Matters' Falstaff is beautifully sung and full of wit—a rich character-study of the bombastic foolish knight who steals everyone's sympathy by the end of the story

Sir John Falstaff

"Falstaff"

Verdi's Last Opera is Sung in English at Sadler's Wells

THIS Verdi comic opera in its new all-English dress is one of the Vic-Wells Company's most ambitious and successful achievements. Much of its success is due to H. Proctor-Gregg's brilliant translation of Arrigo Boito's Italian version of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, in which he has recaptured a full Shakespearean flavour and given the performers English words that they can pronounceably sing. Besides the four singers who appear here, Marjorie Parry is Mistress Ford, Redvers Llewellyn is her jealous husband, Edith Coates her bosom friend. Sumner Austin has received high praise for his production, and so has Warwick Braithwaite as conductor. Friday and April 23rd are other *Falstaff* nights

Right: the Lovers — Morgan Jones as Fenton and Joan Cross as Anne Ford

Houston Rogers

Portrait of a Princess — Mrs. Harry Roy in Leopard Skins

Mrs. Harry Roy has become a film star since she became the wife of the leader of the May Fair dance band. She and her husband have been busy this winter working for a picture called "Royal Romance," and she has already been booked for an important part in a new film. She was married last summer after an engagement of a month or two, during which her Sarawak title of Princess Pearl gave the news-hounds something extra to talk about. She is the second daughter of the Rajah and Ranee of Sarawak (Sir Charles and the Hon. Lady Brooke), a niece of Viscount Esher, and a sister of the Countess of Inchcape

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

THE method of Dr. Hermann Goertz, who has just had four years for spying on R.A.F. stations, doesn't seem to have been so terribly hot.

He drew his plans of Manston Aerodrome quite openly, from the adjoining road, the reasoning presumably being that nobody would take him for a spy unless he were disguised as a Girl Guide, or an ostrich crouching in the undergrowth. This reasoning didn't impress Intelligence Department M.I.5, and the Doctor may even now be ruminating surprisedly on his failure. For anybody who remembers German secret service methods during the last War, Dr. Goertz' procedure strikes a familiar note. There was a legend that they were super-efficient, inhumanly brilliant, and devilishly subtle, but they weren't, really. They were painstaking, thorough, uninspired, not very imaginative, and beaten time after time by the Allied Intelligence—especially by the chemist, who checkmated them regularly. We remember one typical case, that of a pseudo-Swiss gentleman in Paris who insisted on washing his own socks. He sent everything else to the laundry viâ the concierge, but washed his socks himself with great regularity behind locked doors, the not too obscure reason being that they contained a supposedly secret chemical solution in which he immersed tiny bits of blank tissue-paper, which then registered a cipher. All this time he was under observation, naturally, and when the police called to collect him he was dumb and cockeyed with surprise. There were hundreds of cases like his.

Perhaps low pay accounts for a lot of poor work. Thirty pounds a month was the ordinary German spy's pay during the War, and find your own disguises. It can't be much more in peace-time, when the risks are fewer. Since every civilised country has its regular peace-time spies, we don't know why the boys don't form an international trade union and get their rights. "Down whiskers and invisible ink!" would be the cry, and it would bring most Governments to reason pretty quickly.

'Ware Curry

FOLLOWING the example of the hearties of Pembroke, Oxford, the students of a Kentish agricultural college also went on strike recently. The word with them, it seems, was Curry, and if the curry they objected to was anything like the average English cook's usual idea of curry, we can't blame the boys.

Et nos in Arcadia—we, too, have met and shuddered away from the acrid greenish mess, the soggy mound of rice, the solid chunks of meat, the glutinous trimmings. What rage and fear and agony must distend heroic veins from Simla when faced with this stuff we dare not imagine, a pretty formidable blood-pressure existing to begin with. Yet curry can be such a dish when it likes! We're thinking particularly of a certain chicken curry named after a well-known Indian potentate, into the magical composition of which there enter such things as sliced onion, apple, tomato, coconut, and grapes, with Bombay duck and poppadum sauce attending.

Mark the onion, especially. It stamps a dish—any dish—with nobility, truth, and justice. It shames and heals and hallows, as somebody or other said about the bowler hat perpetually worn by Dr. Watson in the old *Strand* series of Sherlock Holmes stories. No cook who rightly esteems the onion and employs it with decent reverence can be wholly bad at heart.

We used to know an Oriental restaurant abroad where they made a very estimable fish curry, its only fault—if fault it can be called—being that they also put eggs into it; whole eggs, which bobbed up from the fragrant mess and stared at one like the reproachful boiled eye of a Liberal thinker. After a time this unnerved us, and we gave the dish a reluctant miss.

". . . Thousand a year and a baby?"

Water Baby

THE news that Mr. E. H. Temme, the only man who has swum the English Channel both ways, has been appointed superintendent of the Surbiton Lagoon, struck us as pleasing and symmetrical. Nobody ever hears what becomes of Channel swimmers. They have their brief dripping moment in the limelight and vanish. We've only met one of them in retirement—he kept a hen farm and used to hit people who cast doubts on his assertions, so very little real discussion was possible, even when he said he wore a hat all the time—not a swimming-cap, but a billycock, which seemed absurd.

The female of the species must be

"And *it pops*"

interesting to meet; also a little embarrassing. A skipper at Boulogne once swore to us that he netted one accidentally while trawling off Gris Nez—a mighty girl, all over oil and grease, whose huge limbs thrashed the waves in unavailing fury as she was slowly drawn on board, shouting to her tug. He said: "Jeune meess anglaise?" and she roared: "Blast you, put me back," and the crew hastily put her over the side again.

That was the skipper's story and he stuck to it, though we deemed him a liar; especially as next time we met him she had become a huge mother of six," dame énorme et mère de famille, à muscles doubles," who crossed the Channel that way habitually because it was cheaper than taking the boat. Although many British wives and mothers, all pretty large, were swimming the Channel at that time, for one reason or another we didn't believe that either. What he fished up was probably the sea-serpent. You know these maritime liars.

Sea Picture

It was estimated the other day that the Queen Mary will have to carry annually among other necessaries, 21,000 bottles of whisky, 20,000 of champagne, 11,600 of liqueurs, 725,000 of beer, 5,800 of gin, and 285,000 of mineral waters—or 285,001 if Lady Astor is aboard. Thus has marine science progressed since William the Conqueror crossed to England (as you remember) in the Mora, with a single barrel of red wine ready broached in the bows for anyone to dip a beaker into.

For those of her passengers who eat, the Queen Mary will also carry enormous quantities of food—*e.g.*, 1,000,000 lbs. of beef, 400,000 of fish, 165,000 of butter, and what-not. The Cunard Line always has made food rather an issue, in our experience.

A thrilling newspaper story might be made of the adventures of a dozen passengers set adrift by mutineers in a Cunarder. Front page headlines:

AMAZING SEA DRAMA SENSATION.

2 Castaways Adrift in Cunarder With Only 50 Years' Food Supply!

Survivors' Dramatic Story.

"When Picked Up We Were Down To Five Meals a Day."

There 'd be a pretty macabre moment in this story when the captain came down one morning, grim and pale as ashes, and cried: "Boys, the Perrier Jouet's down to 7866!" Then, if ever, the cheery old bulldog spirit would get a chance, and someone would immediately start a chorus, without which no crisis at sea is complete, alas!

Dewy Moment

Poets like Wilhelmina Stitch are probably extremely rich, for dainty slabs of rhyming prose on Baby's sock and Grandma's toes, and all those fragrant ecstasies evoked by various flowers and trees, we 're told by experts—on the level—are paying as the very devil. And so it 's not a bit surprising to find a new school slowly rising of poets with an equal yen for going girlish with a pen, each with a tender, secret pledge to go all goofy over veg. (You may think this ridiculous, but it is quite okay with us, because our heart is sweet and shy, and Nature always makes us cry.)

It didn't take us very long to palpitate with Patience Strong, who makes the *Daily Mirror* quite a dewy garden

"... *And then a teeny-weeny voice seems to say—'Kenneth'*"

of delight. She sniffed a daffodil last week and heard the graceful creature speak, whispering solace (via the nose) and leaving Patience on her toes, eager, and flushed, and yet serene, with precious thoughts from the unseen.

Tripping along to keep a date, we found ourselves extremely late, and anxious, but remembering still the Message of the Daffodil, we bought a quite enormous bunch and tried it on the girl at lunch. " Oh, can that stuff," we shouted, " please ! and stick your dainty nose in these ! Just get the message of the Spring and stop that furious chittering ! " We did not mind her angry frown, we seized her head and held it down, but, oh ! what messages she got she did not like an awful lot ! The things she said about us !—well, to cut it short, she just raised hell. And when we quoted Patience—wow ! it makes us shiver, even now ! Some day we 'll try and tell you, maybe, the things she said about that baby.

But now we chat for hours and hours about the simplest, wildest flowers. Their message does not make her cross—she thinks we 're quoting Castlerosse.

Exhibit

HAPPENING to spy a Constant Reader's query in one of the dailies as to whether there " is anywhere in London a statue representing Freedom or Liberty," we tried to remember our favourites, which include many, many effigies of gentlemen in bronze or marble trousers, often with top hats and—at least one, in Palace Street, Westminster—gripping a bronze umbrella. There is also the Duke of Cambridge in Holborn Circus, removing his cocked hat to an imaginary lady in a courteous but unmilitary manner. There is also jolly old Hellfire Cobden winking at the housewives of High Street, Camden Town, and Gladstone in the Strand, surrounded by ladies with opulent bosoms, one of whom is directing a little boy with a kindly finger to Kelly's Directories, and Honest Abe Lincoln (or the Jersey Lily) opposite the Abbey, addressing a public meeting there in defiance of all the by-laws.

We esteem also the Duke of York on his pillar in Waterloo Place, his back turned (as his friends said at the time) to his creditors, a lightning conductor rising from his astonished head. Even more we love that votive statue of George III. (or IV. ?) in Roman attire, crowning St. George's Church steeple in Bloomsbury—a very pretty example of unofficial canonisation.

Almost any of these might be said to represent Freedom from some things and Liberty in others.

Sculptural tradition generally conveys both ideas by a large stern lady, half naked, waving a sword in an uncomfortable manner, but if you ask us the gilt angel on top of the Gaiety dome is infinitely more symbolic. She blows a trumpet all day long with furious energy and nobody hears a single note. If that doesn't express the outcome of all the windy gabble about freedom and liberty what does ?

Frozen Music

WHAT Max Beerbohm said the other day about the increasing vulgarity of modern London seems soon likely to apply to Paris. London is pulling down the Adelphi ; Paris is going to pull down the Rue du Bac, which is full of fine ex-town houses of the eighteenth-century nobility, many of them with windows and balconies worth looking at.

Don't accuse us of slopping over old things as such. Lord bless you, we wouldn't care a hoot what they pulled down if what they put up in its place was half as good ; but it never is. An architect once hit us feebly at a party for saying that. He was a drunk architect. Even his anger was puerile and inchoate, lacking inspiration, style, and beauty equally. We gave him one in the front elevation and he subsided. We bet if anybody 'd had any fuss with, say, Jehan de Beauce, architect of Chartres Cathedral, there 'd have been a scrap worth seeing.

This leads us to an interesting theory, namely, that if more people hit modern architects they wouldn't perpetrate the terrible stuff they do. The time to hit them is on submission of the final blue-prints. What Victorian was it who described architecture as " frozen music " ? Ho, ho !

THE BYSTANDERS.

" He says he 's not coming up till it 's stopped raining "

"After You, Who . . .?"

A New "Bystander" Series of

Celebrities in Cameo

No. 13.

Elizabeth Arden

ELIZABETH ARDEN, with her elaborately tousled auburn hair, enters a room like a wind-blown leaf. In a previous existence she must have been a dryad. Even in this life she adores trees, flowers and forests—look at her assumed surname. She has faun-like eyes, and when she talks her hands weave a pattern like pale fronds in a strong breeze. Indeed, of all the one hundred and fifty celebrities whom I have described in the past three years in the BYSTANDER, only Tilly Losch has such expressive fingers.

Of course, Elizabeth Arden, who was born Florence Nightingale Graham, has a Cornish mother. That explains her fey smile and her almost pagan love of beauty, while the Scotch in her explains her dominant thumbs and her amazing business sense. For she sailed through-out the depression with flags flying more gaily than ever.

Brought up on the outskirts of Toronto, her first job was as assistant to a dentist. Within a year she had doubled his practice by writing brilliant reminder-letters to clients warning them about the dire effects on their teeth that irregular visits would entail.

Following an effort to live up to her Christian names as a student nurse in a Toronto hospital, she went to New York as book-keeper and stenographer for ten days at E. R. Squibb and Sons, chemical manufacturers. It was then that she found her metier—with Eleanor Adair, a beauty specialist. Here she discovered that she had the perfect hands for massage. Followed a period of months during which the two women gave beauty treatments all day, and packed off bottles of face cream most of the night.

FINALLY the time came for her to start out on her own, and now she has branches in capital cities from Sydney in Australia to Copenhagen in Denmark and Buenos Aires in South America. Even if you go up in the téléferique to Mont Arbois in Haute Savoie, you will find her advertisement in the little glass cage two thousand feet above the tops of the pine trees.

In the meantime she had taken a husband, whom she divorced last year, put over a thousand people on her pay-roll, established a stud-farm at Belmont, acquired a string of race horses, and built a lucrative guest house for tired beauties in Maine.

To-day she hates snakes; has a ravenous appetite; adores riding; likes flying; worships Sir Herbert Barker; dislikes choosing her clothes; prefers personality to beauty; believes in grand passions; tries to look tall and slender; is actually five feet three and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds; becomes very quiet if angry; has a captivating wink if in good humour; possesses a keen sense of ridicule, but has a bad memory for names; never allows a previous appointment to interfere with something more important; and has so much electricity in her Puckish figure that no wrist watch will ever keep accurate time for her.

Oh, yes; and she admires Mrs. Reggie Fellowes more than any other woman alive.

Charles Graves

The Young God Greets the Spring: An Eros Study by Norman Parkinson

Films of the Day

"Rhodes of Africa": By George Campbell

If some young people find *Rhodes of Africa* heavy going I shall be sorry, but not surprised. Admittedly Berthold Viertel's production is no cinematic cocktail; but by way of compensation it offers some of the finest acting ever seen in an English picture.

Rhodes is played by Walter Huston. I have followed Mr. Huston's screen career, as I expect you have, ever since his début in *The Virginian* as Trampas, the unpleasant gentleman to whom the hero addressed the now-classic advice: "When you call me that, *smile*!" He brought his gifts of strength, integrity, and high intelligence to a succession of indifferent pictures, became sickened of the whole business, and (being a man of wealth and independence, with an enormous following on Broadway) packed up and went back to the New York stage. Hollywood said he was crazy. When his *Dodsworth* ran two years and brought him a thousand pounds a week the film people grudgingly admitted there was method in his madness.

The part of Rhodes tempted him. Gaumont-British were tempted by his American prestige. On the whole, I think both were right. A Conservative M.P. has remarked that he looks the spit and image of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald; but then, Mr. MacDonald is a pretty good actor, too. The High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia laments that Mr. Huston is too well-groomed. If so, Rhodes must have been even more rugged than a screen pioneer need be. Finally, a young woman of my acquaintance complains, in effect, that he is too unlike Clark Gable. To this penetrating criticism there is, I am afraid, no reply. All the same, I can think of nobody better suited to a very difficult rôle. Mr. Huston does succeed in infusing life into a character fatally easy to make pompous, bloodless and wooden.

The others are all good. Frank Cellier hardly gives us the roystering Barney Barnato of real life, retaining his Whitechapel exuberance in the midst of millions and delighting in a tent show or rough-and-tumble scrap to the day of his mysterious and tragic death; but this is no fault of the actor's. Characters whose relatives are still living always present difficulties to the dramatist, as the case of Mr. Barrett showed. Basil Sydney gives us a Jameson with the dash and charm that endeared him to the phlegmatic Rhodes; Peggy Ashcroft's "Anna Carpenter" (a woman novelist, obviously suggested by the authoress of *The Story of an African Farm*) makes one wonder again why this accomplished young actress is generally ignored by film producers; and you will love Chief Kumalo's Lobengula, full of dignity and self-importance, signing the famous treaty with his laborious mark, rocking and groaning with misery when he discovers that he has given the white man the right to dig in his royal kraal, even under his royal feet.

But the man who steals the picture is Oscar Homolka. Mr. Homolka won the respect of the West End by his powerful performance in the play, *Close Quarters*. *Rhodes*, unless I am a poor prophet, will win him a contract in Hollywood. His characterisation of President Kruger is brilliant. Here is the grim old Boer as his acquaintances remember him, ignorant yet wise in human nature, fanatical but kind, so reliant on Old Testament teaching that when British farmers were plagued by locusts he forbade resistance to a visitation from God, but clever enough to take Jameson like a rabbit in a trap. The finest scenes in the film are his two interviews with Rhodes.

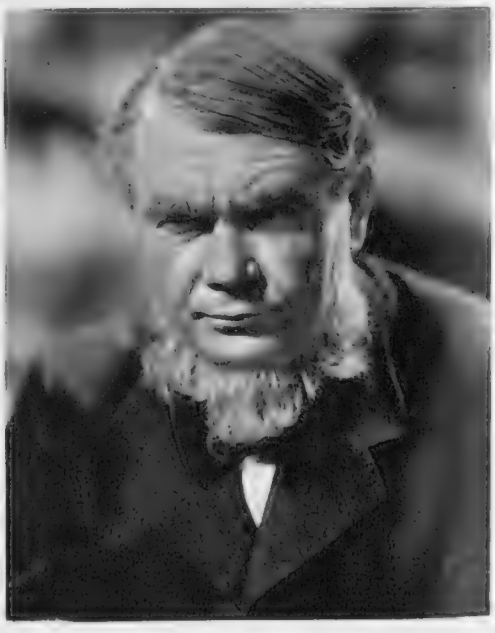
The exteriors are well-photographed and the trek north into Rhodesia quite effective. But one could not help remembering such American spectacles as *The Covered Wagon* and the thrilling, irresistible surging forward that was the climax to the first and better half of King Vidor's *The Big Parade*.

Dostoyevsky fans have their choice of two versions of *Crime and Punishment*; one (French) a pathological study of a neurotic, charged with violence and horror; the other (American) a duel between an egotist who commits the perfect crime and the detective who tries to break him down under a barrage of ridicule and indirect questioning. Apart from other considerations, the two versions are interesting, for Hollywood's attempt to sentimentalise, in the interests of the box-office, what is at best cold-blooded murder for greed. The French, with more honesty, make Raskolnikov kill the wretched woman pawnbroker with an axe, and hack down another woman who was a witness of the crime. Hollywood, shrewdly realising that two murders are one too many, and that an axe is an unpleasing weapon, anyway, simply makes the unhappy youth give a horribly old miser a dong on the head with a poker. As for Sonia, the harlot, who redeemed Raskolnikov's soul by urging him to confess, she emerges as a lovely, wistful blonde whose brother would hesitate before exposing her to the coarsening contacts of the Eton and Harrow match. But let 's be fair. Both films are good entertainment.

I have left myself room for only a line about two pictures that nobody should miss. In *Strike Me Pink* Eddie Cantor is funnier than he has been since *The Kid From Spain*. *Ah, Wilderness!* (Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Aline MacMahon, and Eric Linden) is a marvellously faithful picture of an American small town thirty years ago, shot through with gleams of tender understanding and gentle laughter. It is surprising that a work of art of just this kind should have been made in Hollywood, doubly surprising that it should have been written by that playwright of harsh souls and relentless destiny, Eugene O'Neill.

"Crime and Punishment" — Peter Lorre and Marian Marsh

The American version of Dostoyevsky's novel was at the Plaza last week, with Peter Lorre acting very finely as Raskolnikov, Marian Marsh as Sonia, and Josef von Sternberg as director. At the Academy Pierre Blanchar's performance in the same part in the French version made an interesting comparison. Peter Lorre is in England now, working for the Maugham-Hitchcock thriller, "Secret Agent"



Oscar Homolka as Kruger

Oom Paul Kruger in the filmic shape of Oscar Homolka has somewhat walked off with the acting honours of "Rhodes of Africa," the grand bit of screen Empire-building at the New Gallery

Freddie Bartholomew as Little Lord Fauntleroy

Yes, but without the long curls, Freddie having broken the tradition by insisting on his own natural shockhead. Equally his eleven-year-old sturdiness has been allowed to rescue the story from its seeping sentimentality, according to Hollywood pre-view notices, and his acting is acclaimed brilliant. The film, first in the Fauntleroy succession for fifteen years, is a Selznick production, with another English player, C. Aubrey Smith, as grandpapa the Earl, and Dolores Costello as "Dearest." Mary Pickford once played Fauntleroy—in fact, was the first screen Cedric. This is Freddie Bartholomew's fifth film since he left Wiltshire to play "David Copperfield"; last view of him was with Garbo in *Anna Karenina*

Scene 2: Joan (Katharine Cornell) and the Dauphin (Maurice Evans)
"What is the good of sitting on the throne when the other fellows give all the orders? However, here is the King for you! Look your fill at the poor devil"

Scene 6: The Trial: Prosecutor (Joseph Holland), Brother Martin Ladvenu (John Cromwell), Joan (Katharine Cornell), Inquisitor (Arthur Byron), Cauchon (Eduardo Ciannelli)
"Perpetual imprisonment! Am I not then to be set free?"

s

Th

Shaw's "St.

KATHARINE CORNELL'S
at the Martin Beck Theatr
the month. Maurice Evans
who play leading parts as th
have both appeared with Miss
her Juliet in the autumn, and
spring, 1935, production of th
put on the stage in America
Leniham as Joan, and a few m
performance when Sybil Th
English players have come

n]: *Before Orleans:* Katharine Cornell as Joan

Scene 6: The Inquisitor (Arthur Byron), Joan, and Cauchon (Eduardo Ciannelli)
"His ways are not your ways. He wills that I go through the fire to His bosom; for I am His child, and you are not fit that I should live among you. That is my last word to you"

Maid in America

oan" in a Katharine Cornell Revival

al of "St. Joan" has been running New York since the beginning of Brian Aherne, two English actors auphin and the Earl of Warwick, nell before; Evans was Romeo to an Aherne played Mercutio in her me play. "St. Joan" was first thirteen years ago, with Winifred s later was given its first English ke created the Joan that most ok on as the authentic portrait

Photographs by Vandamm

Right: The Epilogue: Warwick (Brian Aherne) and Joan
"History will remember me for your sake, though the incidents of the connection were perhaps a little unfortunate"

Anthony

Mrs. Constant Lambert — Exotic and Gilded

It's impossible not to use the word "exotic" when Mrs. Constant Lambert is in view, and "gilded" is because she sometimes scatters gold-dust on her hair, and the photograph shows her like that. She married her composer-conductor husband in 1931, was Florence Kaye before that, has a small son called Christopher, born last year, and lives in one of those little old houses in Park Row, off Knightsbridge. When Constant Lambert is conducting at Sadler's Wells, which he does for ballet performances, Mrs. Lambert is as often as not in the audience

Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

Fritz Kreisler — London's Favourite Violinist

It is a considerable number of years since Kreisler first found that his magical playing had admirers enough to fill the Albert Hall; that, in fact, when he was giving one of his yearly or half-yearly London recitals no other hall was big enough to hold his teeming audience. His next appearance there is on Sunday (March 29th), a year and two months since his sixtieth birthday concert packed the place to the roof. Since then he's given recitals here and there, including America in the autumn, and a four-weeks' tour of Great Britain in January and February. He comes back here after a South of France holiday with his wife. She is American and has accompanied him on his world wanderings for thirty-five years

Hardriding Horsewomen

A Heckley Winner

The Percy, West Percy, and Colonel Milvain's held a joint point-to-point meeting near Alnwick in Northumberland to open the northern season. Mrs. E. Renwick, the winner of the Ladies' Race, has just been weighing in

At the East Essex

Colonel A. A. Soames was a steward at the East Essex points held near Braintree. With him is his daughter, Miss Rachael Soames, who rode in the Ladies' Race won by Mrs. Holland

At the Percy Meeting

Miss Burrell was waiting in the saddling enclosure before the Ladies' Race at the Heckley meeting; she rode second to Mrs. Renwick. Miss Annette Usher (in béret) is the retiring Master of the North Northumberland

Below: Mrs. A. F. Holland and her mount went back to the paddock exhausted and content after winning the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race at the East Essex meeting. The point was held under good course conditions

Lady Helen Smith and the Hon. Lavinia Strutt

Left: Lady Helen Smith and the Hon. Lavinia Strutt were at the Bicester point-to-point at Somerton. Lavinia Strutt, who rode in the Ladies' Race won by Mrs. Weatherby, had a black jersey with white Mickey Mouse back and front as her colours

Mrs. A. F. Holland

"Bystander" Short Story No. 30

A Swell Guy: By Ruth Hawthorne Fay

Sketch by Clark Fay

Why antiques should be sold over a marble-topped table in a café, Miss Barclay failed to understand

HAVING lived for thirty-five years in a small north of England village, Miss Amy Barclay had thought a six-weeks' visit to her brother John in New York would be one long period of delights, strange, new and infinitely exciting. Instead of which she had found John rather tiresome, bewildered after fifteen years of trying to be an American supersalesman; his American wife, Gwen, completely beyond her comprehension, and New York a jangle of noise and nerves.

So the day she went back to Cook's to book her passage home she was easily enticed by a large poster bearing the magic words: "TEN-DAY TRIP TO THE CARIBBEAN! EXOTIC THRILLS! DREAMY NIGHTS! ADVENTURE!"

She postponed sailing to Southampton fifteen days and spent the three before the boat left for Panama in delirious buying of a "cruise wardrobe."

Now it should be explained that Miss Amy Barclay wore on her face the wide-eyed innocence of a child, the look of one who has never seen much more of life than to be encountered while helping the Rector pour tea on alternate Thursdays in June. (The Rector was unmarried and people said that when he got through making up his mind on the question of celibacy, Miss Barclay would be asked to pour tea for him every morning at eight and every afternoon at four as well.) Miss Barclay's figure was young and lithe and her complexion was rose petal. Altogether in her cruise wardrobe, Miss Barclay looked twenty-six and very virginal.

WHEN she boarded the s.s. Caribbean she was dismayed to find herself the only female passenger except six fat wives of six fat Venezuelian merchants, all of whom spoke only Spanish. The remaining few male passengers were even less attractive than the Venezuelian husbands.

"Oh, well, I shall see Panama. Perhaps that will be amusing," she thought, and spent the first day out in her cabin wrapped up in extra blankets. The second day was warmer, and when the purser gave her a table to herself he smiled an enchanting smile. He was a large, quiet young man who looked not unlike the young men in American tooth-paste advertisements, except that his eyes were old. So old, Miss Barclay was startled when she saw them looking at her over his enchanting smile.

"Perhaps it is because the sea is a hard life," she thought. That evening the purser smiled at her again, and with her sweet she found a respectful steward at her elbow with the message that Mr. Conklin, his chief, requested the honour of Miss Barclay's company at coffee. Thus began eight days for Miss Barclay best described as exotic thrills, dreamy nights, and adventure. She was waited on, entertained, and scraped to as if she had been royalty. At first she felt perhaps she really should not let Mr. Conklin spend so many hours beside her on the deck, really should not sit with him in the little bar, drinking a series of mild gin fizzes, a drink she found strangely exciting to her senses after years of tea and a little sherry and strangely soothing to her conscience.

Mr. Conklin's early life was Mr. Conklin's main subject of conversation, and from it she got a picture of an America she had never heard of. Mr. Conklin had been an orphan, brought up on the Lower West Side of New York, by a distant cousin. Really, Miss Barclay felt something could definitely be said about the way West Side orphans were brought up.

"It was a miracle you didn't turn out to be a criminal," she remarked to him once.

"It sure was," had been his reply. "But one of the things you learn is never to get caught."

Miss Barclay was thinking at the moment how charming he looked in his white ducks, and he had been called away before it had quite penetrated that there was something wrong about that last statement. When she saw him again it had ceased to be important for they were landing at Panama City the next afternoon, and Mr. Conklin had plans for making the single evening's stay there "one big time."

"You 'll see things to remember all the rest of your life," he said. "I 've a bit of business to do for a guy back in

(Continued on page 526)

A Swell Guy *(Continued)*

New York who deal in antiques. Don't be surprised at anything. They do business in a funny way down here."

So it seemed to Miss Barclay by the time midnight had passed. Very funny. Why antiques should be sold over a marble-topped table in a café and by such odd-looking a man as the proprietor, who came and talked to Mr. Conklin in bad Spanish-English, was just one of the things Miss Barclay failed to understand. For a brief moment, in fact, she felt she should ask Mr. Conklin to take her back to the ship. It really was too much. All those dancing girls, white, black, beige, and yellow. The frightful, really terrifying-looking men. All the riot of mad jazz played by a definitely mad orchestra. The two parrots screaming in a cage over the bar. It would all have been impossible if Miss Barclay had not remembered seeing something like it in a cinema once which somehow took away half its reality. And then there was Mr. Conklin, looking very young and attractive.

"I'd stick to plain lemonade if I were you," he advised. "It's pretty hot and the gin is pretty terrible. The old man thinks you're nuts, but I've explained you've never been in the Tropics before and you're kind of delicate."

"You've explained?—why, I didn't hear you mention me at all."

"Sure you didn't." He smiled and his eyes twinkled. "When we talk business to guys like that we don't bother with words. All the time he was asking about the captain's health we were having a big talk about this here deal in antiques. This way—watch——" and Mr. Conklin made a few, almost imperceptible motions with the fingers of his right hand on the table-top.

"—And when we got that settled he asked me who the hell you were, so I told him this way——" and Mr. Conklin passed his fingers lightly across the top of his whisky glass. "I told him you and I'd just got married and this was our honeymoon. It made it seem more O.K., and wouldn't scare him off his racket. I didn't think you'd mind."

Miss Barclay did not mind at all. It did make it all seem exactly as Mr. Conklin said. "More O.K." And she found herself the rest of that amazing evening going from bar to bar, in all of which Mr. Conklin had more of his mysterious conversation with worse and worse-looking men, while she sat happily by, receiving congratulations from all sides, on having become the bride of such "a swell guy" as Mr. Conklin. In fact, when they finally emerged from the last café to drive to the ship in a ricketty old cab, she was so completely enveloped in the whole crazy picture that she found it not at all strange that Mr. Conklin should put his arm around her, pull her head onto his shoulder and tell her to take a little nap.

She did not see him the next day until after the ship had sailed. While sorting over the postcards picturing the more refined parts of Panama City which she had bought to take home to the Rector she decided she really must behave with more dignity on the homeward voyage. Tropics or no Tropics—for she remembered reading somewhere that women did very strange things when near the Equator; quite forgot themselves, in fact—it simply was inexcusable.

But when the first day north Mr. Conklin appeared as usual by her deck-chair, his conversation as casual as if the last time they had seen each other they had been having ices together in a tea-room of the better sort, it did seem silly to be haughty. The trip back to New York went by like a flash. The air grew chilly again. The last of the cruise wardrobe was put away. The night before they docked Miss Barclay stood at the rail with Mr. Conklin, and felt she was saying goodbye to something she would ever after think of as a dream.

"It's been a swell trip," he said.

"I've enjoyed it very much, too," she said.

He laughed. "You bet! When you get to be an old lady back in that village of yours you'll remember how I taught you to talk to bar-tenders in sign language and how 'Smoky Joe,' the toughest egg south of Hatteras, brought out his best champagne to toast you as my one and only bride."

He reached over and took her hands as they lay on the rail. "Say, there's something you can do for me when you get into New York. I'll be tied up all morning with some guys and I've got a sister whose birthday's to-morrow. I got her a little present—nothing much—but I want her to get it in the morning so I don't want to mail it."

He took two boxes out of his pocket. He gave her the larger one—it was quite large and carefully tied up and sealed

(Concluded on page ii)

Social Courage

By Rose Henniker Heaton — No. 2

Captain and Mrs. Hardup are invited to stop with Lady Blank for the Mudford Hunt Ball.

As they are dressing for dinner a footman appears with the ball tickets and asks for four guineas, the price of the tickets.

The Hardups are horrified, as they fully imagined that Lady Blank was providing the tickets. They are overdrawn at the bank and they have only sufficient cash with them to tip the servants and get home.

Query. What should the Hardups do?

All Under Twenty

Five Attractive Ex-Debs

Photographs by Bassano, Fayer of Vienna, and Gerty Simon

Miss Agnes Celestria King

Agnes King came out last year, and she'll be twenty next year. Her mother is Lady Clare King—an aunt of the Earl of Gainsborough—her father is in the Coldstream Guards, and they live at Britwell Briars, Whitchurch, when in Hampshire, and at 13, Lennox Gardens when in town

Below: The good looks of the family have not missed Daphne Henderson. She is Mrs. Arnold Henderson's daughter, went to Australia recently to visit her brother Roger, and came back in time to be a bridesmaid to her cousin, Mrs. Mark Pilkington (Susan Henderson that was)

Miss Daphne Henderson

Miss Jennifer Fry

Jennifer Fry is another 1934 debutante who reaches twenty this year. Her father, Sir Geoffrey Fry, is the first Baronet; he has been Private Secretary to two P.M.s—Bonar Law and Mr. Baldwin. Her mother is one of the late Lord Burghclere's four daughters

Miss Cressida Bonham-Carter

Cressida Bonham-Carter, the nineteen-year-old ex-deb daughter of Sir Maurice and Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, came out last year. Her mother was Lady Violet Asquith, the eldest daughter of the great Liberal Earl, and her father was his Private Secretary from 1910

The Hon. Claudia Betterton

Left: the Hon. Claudia Betterton was presented at the last of King George's Courts by her mother, Lady Rushcliffe. Her father, first Baron Rushcliffe, is the Chairman of the Unemployment Assistance Board—a post for which he left the Ministry of Labour in 1934. Claudia Betterton is nineteen this year

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Suffolk is Better than Speakeasies: By A. G. Macdonell

CONNOISSEURS of the modern novel have had their eyes fixed for some time upon Miss Doreen Wallace, whose *Barnham Rectory* was an advance upon her first novel, and whose *Latter Howe* was an advance upon her second. The usual curve of progress in novel-writing is steadily downwards, so that a fortieth novel is apt to be forty times as bad as a first (if it is not simply the first retold for the fortieth time), and in consequence a steadily rising curve is a phenomenon that has to be watched carefully. And allow me to put you out of your suspense right away by saying that Miss Wallace's new book, *So Long to Learn* (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*), takes the curve up again at an ever sharper angle.

IT is ostensibly a novel of farm-life in Suffolk. Actually it is a thrilling history of post-war East Anglian agriculture as seen through the eyes and lives of three characters. The whole story of the soil is there, the endless tale of men and women trying to wrestle with bad politicians and bad weather at the same time. The three characters are masterly. There is first the gentleman-farmer who understands everything and so does not have to learn anything, even about his own wife. He starts in triumph as a rich, demobilised Colonel, and fails and fails and fails almost to the very end. There is the young, wounded, nervy farmer who only wants a living in the fresh air without any great ambitions. And there is the keystone of the arch, the old farmer's daughter who marries the gentleman-farmer and falls in love with the young, wounded one. She alone understands the meaning of Nature, and what it really means to bring things into the world that were not there before, and she dominates the whole book magnificently.

THE last part, in which a third enemy, the Church of England, joins the politicians and the weather, is very exciting, but it somehow spoils a little the artistic value of the book. The descriptions of the tithe-raid and the horrible injustices perpetrated in the name of the law are magnificent propaganda, but they are so drawn-out in proportion to the rest that they are inclined to stand out clearly and distinctly as propaganda rather than as art. But *So Long to Learn* is a great achievement and is far and away the biggest—in the real sense of the word—novel that I have read since Mr. Walpole's *Inquisitor*, and that was in last September.

THERE must be an incredible difference between the life of the well-to-do American and the life of the poor and helpless dwellers in the mean streets of the big cities, if my observation and Mr. T. S. Stribling's writing come anywhere near the truth. When I visited the United States eighteen months ago, I met a large number of happy, merry folk, working hard all day and enjoying themselves when the day's work was over. Mr. Stribling's description of the social and political life of a city in his new book, *The Sound Wagon* (Gollancz; 8*s.* 6*d.*), is a very different affair. It is altogether a ghastly picture. An amiable young lawyer, Henry Caridius, is horrified at the graft and corruption of the city of Megapolis, and stands for Congress on an Independent Reformist ticket. In the middle of the election, somehow or other—he never quite understands how—he is gently adopted by the three men who control all the graft and corruption, and duly elected. The three men, Krausemann, the Big Stick, Myerberg, the attorney, and the Big Shot racketeer, Joe Canarelli, let him understand that his victory is to be the first and only victory for Reform. Caridius weakly agrees. His three friends, delighted, soon promote him to the Senate. Caridius, too, is delighted. He falls desperately in love with his secretary, the beautiful and attractive daughter of a profiteer-millionaire, and she, in love with him, becomes his mistress. Everything seems perfect. Then the crash comes. The millionaire cheats Canarelli out of his fortune. The racketeer, mad with rage, kidnaps the daughter and, having extorted a colossal ransom, murders the girl by throwing her out of an aeroplane. Caridius is unseated and imprisoned for bribery and Canarelli gets twenty years in jail, not for murder but for hoarding gold. So it all ends unhappily. What a vivid and terrible book it is! There is not a single decent character throughout except the murdered girl. Of the rest, the best is Sol Myerberg with his cynical faith in racketeering as the only thing likely to restore honour in America. Mr. Stribling has certainly created an abominable atmosphere of murder and fear and vice and utterly ruthless cruelty. The doctrine of States' Rights may be all very nice in theory; in practice it creates the thug's Paradise.

"WHAT PRICE GLORIA?", by Mr. Geoffrey Clayton (Harrap; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a very interesting book, for this reason: that it shows exactly what Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's novels would be like if Mr. P. G. Wodehouse was not a genius. For Mr. Clayton's plot, characters, attitude to life, all are copied, probably quite unintentionally, from the Master. Everything is there except the Divine Fire. There is an absent-minded old aristocrat, there is a butler who is simply a small-Jeeves-and-large-soda, there are two young men who are always dropping in for "quick ones" and "snorts"—in fact, the whole paraphernalia is there, even down to the Broadway toughs and the girl's address which falls out of the window of the sky-scraper. Mr. Clayton is brisk and vivacious, but compared to the Master he is but a thin and flickering shadow on a wall.

Miss Doreen Wallace

Miss Doreen Wallace, whose "Barnham Rectory" was an immediate success, has not lessened her reputation with her later books. The newest is "So Long to Learn"—published this month and reviewed here—a tale of post-war agriculture in East Anglia, seen through the eyes of three characters

BOOKS for the library-list this week might include a collection of short stories by Miss Pamela Frankau called *Fifty-Fifty* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), and a first novel from a member of a famous family, Mr. Harold Ford Rossetti, *The Darkling Plain* (Constable; 7*s.* 6*d.*). Then again Mr. Neil Bell, surely the most indefatigable of novelists, has produced yet another long book, *Strange Melody* (Collins; 8*s.* 6*d.*). This contains a full-length character-study of an Irishman, which is one of Mr. Bell's best achievements.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Lenare

Evening wraps offer a wide choice this season, and vary considerably in length. Short coats with flared basques dipping slightly at the back, are favoured by certain designers, while others prefer them straight and long with a modified train. Swagger lines are effectively introduced in three-quarter-length coats which swing from the back. Capes are very fashionable, especially in fur. The coat pictured on this page is made in black cloqué, and may be seen at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. It is faced with white and has a "1936" Medici collar and wide revers. The waist is accentuated by the belt across the back, the sleeves are lantern-shaped, and the price is only 8½ guineas. Equally charming is another model inspired by the recent Chinese Exhibition. It is richly coloured, and cut on the lines of a mandarin coat

A Trio of Simple Hats for Easter

April showers tend to play havoc with straw, so for the Easter Holidays it is wiser to choose a light-weight felt. The one pictured above is designed by Woodrow, 46, Piccadilly. It has a tucked crown in a fabric which looks just like straw, and a felt brim turned up at the back

A delightful cruising hat in Woodrow's special unspottable felt is seen below. It is ivory tinted and as light as a feather. The crown slopes forward and the brim casts becoming shadows and protects the eyes from the sun. It can be dyed to any shade and costs 29s. 6d. A spring catalogue, by the way, will gladly be sent by request. It is of real interest

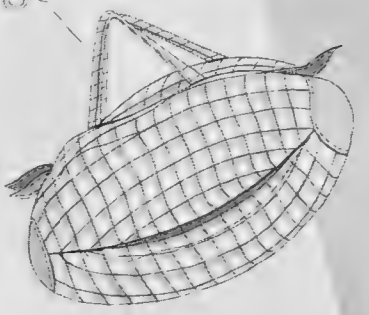
Berets have been in for so long that it is difficult to remember a time when they were not worn. Every season, however, brings a slight change, and this year they are, if anything, smaller. The one above may be seen at Woodrow's, and is made in navy blue petersham with white insertions at the sides

Dover Street Studios

the BYSTANDER in search of NOVELTIES

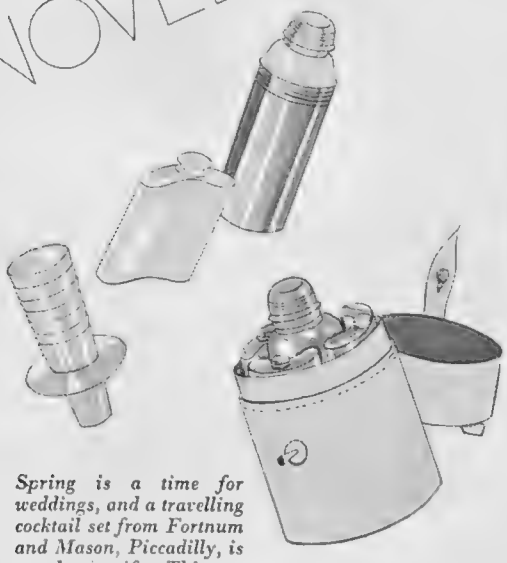
discovered by peta
pictured by pam

Shakespearean fashions have proved so becoming that modern designers are showing Juliet caps for evening wear. This one is entirely composed of pearls and only costs 12s. 9d. at Woollands, Knightsbridge. It is worn at the back of the head, and is charming with curls



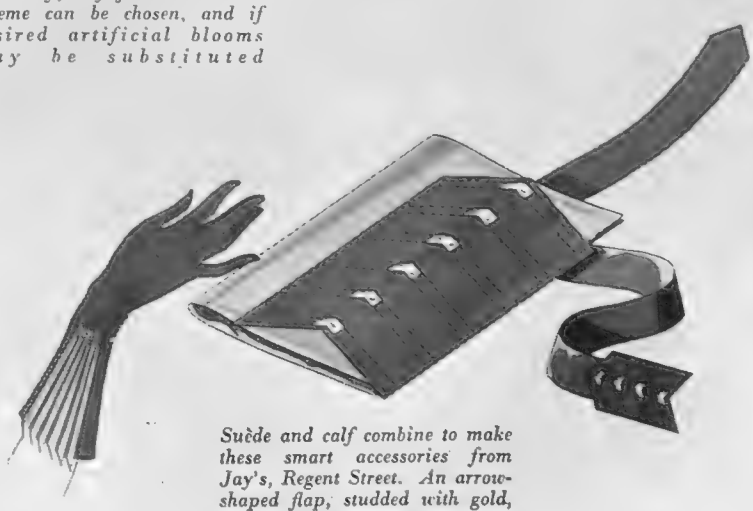
Here is a delightfully practical beach bag for those who are going south at Easter. It is made of gaily checked seersucker, piped with red and lined with waterproof. Being melon shaped, it will expand, while a sliding fastener makes it extra strong. At Woollands, it costs 12s. 9d.

Real flowers are used for this evening waistcoat with a cape back; also the head-dress on the right, which could be made either in white lilac or forget-me-nots. Naturally, any flower or colour scheme can be chosen, and if desired artificial blooms may be substituted



Spring is a time for weddings, and a travelling cocktail set from Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, is a welcome gift. This one consists of a pigskin case, packed with shaker, three flasks, six glasses, and a Bitters bottle

Choose your Easter gift at Fortnum and Mason, and let it be one of the new garden clippers, which only cost 5s. 6d. They are invaluable for cutting fresh flowers and clipping off dead heads, since they are controlled by a special spring which holds the flower as it is cut



Suède and calf combine to make these smart accessories from Jay's, Regent Street. An arrow-shaped flap, studded with gold, distinguishes the bag, while the gloves have semi-pleated gauntlets

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Characters in the Cardiff Drama

THAT match between Wales and Ireland at Cardiff was a strange experience, even for the hard-boiled spectator. I thought we should have some excitement, but never did I imagine what a crowd there would be. The rattle of ten thousand saucepans is still in my ears, and I do not believe that any ground in the history of the game has been so besieged by enthusiasts.

If you know Cardiff, you know Westgate Street, where the main entrances are situated, and Westgate Street was a solid block of Welshmen hours before the kick-off.

Never before, certainly, have the Fire Brigade been ordered to turn their hoses on the crowd, and never before have I watched an international match without being able to see the touch-lines.

This feverish excitement added enormously to the intensity of the play itself, and the game was desperate indeed. There was, as it happened, more frustration than achievement, but I cannot remember anything more continuously stirring than that shapeless, heaving, straining battle between two grand sides.

THAT tempers were kept under control was due entirely to the firmness and fairness of Mr. C. H. Gadney, who has proved himself this season a remarkably good referee. He has rare gifts for this most exacting and responsible job, for while he is uncompromisingly strict, he is never officious, and he seems to interpret the game rather than control it. We have not had a better referee since the war, and I only wish there were others like him. Mr. W. Favill of Wales is another good one, but referees of the highest quality are still lamentably scarce.

MR. GADNEY saw to it, then, that vigour never overstepped the limit, and how those forwards did hammer and batter at one another to be sure! The extraordinary thing was the way the Welshmen stood up to one of the finest Irish packs of recent years, and it was this forward equality which gave Wales the Championship. Let us admit that, in a sense, Ireland were desperately unlucky to be beaten by the wretched margin of a penalty goal to nil, but place-kicking is still an important phase of the game, and Ireland had at least two reasonable chances of kicking a goal themselves. For the rest, I think even the most fervent Irishmen would agree that Wales were the more dangerous side behind the scrummage.

FIRST, though, let me pay tribute to J. Siggins, the Irish pack-leader. Siggins is a great forward, and he has never played more heroically than he did on that eventful Saturday. Time after time his massive form came hurtling from the ruck, and he must take his place with the giants of the game. Ireland are famous for tremendous forwards, but Siggins ranks worthily with the finest of them. Siggins and Deering and Walker and Russell and Beamish—what a nucleus to a pack that is! And with these exceptional players against them, the resistance of the Welsh forwards becomes even more remarkable.

IT is true, though, that Wales had the speed and skill behind the scrummage, and in years to come, we shall talk with bated breath of Tanner and Cliff Jones and Wooller. Tanner was playing his first game for three weeks, and everything he did had the stamp of quality about it. He gives perfect passes from the scrummage, his judgment is admirable, and his kicking, both in attack and defence, is extremely neat and clever. He is the only scrum-half in recent years to have made much use of the punt ahead and the drop-kick; in this respect his "rugger" instinct and his originality reveal themselves.

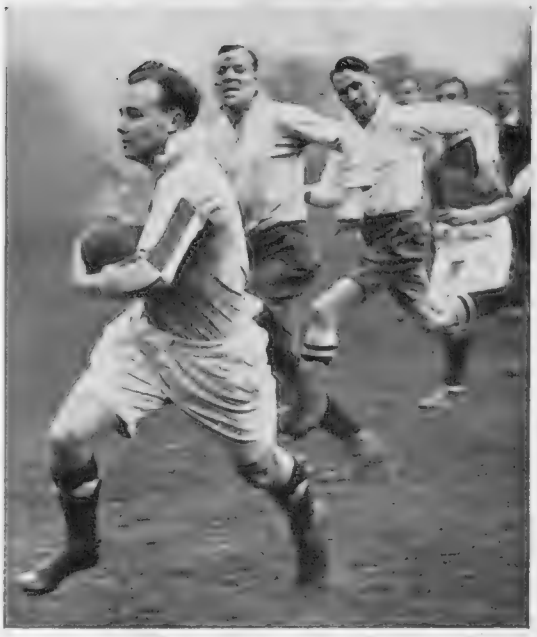
Cliff Jones was ubiquitous. He was back to cover Jenkins in defence, and all over the field in attack. One jinking run of his was fantastically brilliant, for how he managed to trick his bewildered opponents beats me even now. A remarkable runner, and clearly one of the great players of the year.

WOOLLER came out of the match with colours flying also. He succeeded in two things at Cardiff which would be beyond the compass of most players. One was a drop-out from the 25 which pitched on the Irish 25 line, a carry of some seventy yards, imparted by an almost lazy swing of the boot. Another was an extraordinary escape from the Irish centres, when he was apparently caught, but suddenly back-pedalled, so to speak, shooting away from the clutching hands amazingly fast, and just as suddenly checking and putting in a fifty-yard punt to the corner. A dangerous gifted player, Wooller is certain of Rugby immortality.

ALLOWING for the outstanding ability of these three Welsh backs, I am still inclined to think that young W. T. H. Davies is potentially the best of them all. Davies was playing in the centre, instead of Claude Davey. Fly-half is really his place; what is more, in so close a match, he had very few chances. Even so, it struck me that there was genius in all his movements. He only had to run a couple of yards with the ball to show us his class, and he initiated and nearly rounded off the best movement of the match. This was a sudden break away of his in mid-field. How he managed it I cannot imagine, for two Irishmen were converging upon him as he gathered a bouncing ball, and somehow he feinted and faded through them like a ghost disappearing through a brick wall. And then how beautifully he ran, how perfectly he timed his pass to Jones, and how intelligently he was up to take the return pass and fail only by inches to score a great try. We shall hear much more of Davies before he is through with the game.

WELL, there it is. If I seem to have written with exaggerated enthusiasm about this game and the players who took part in it, you must forgive me.

I think myself that Rugby football is moving towards another golden era, and if that was my firm conviction at the beginning of the season, as you may discover in the files of the BYSTANDER, it is confirmed and strengthened now that the dying winter brings the game towards its close.



O.M.T.s Beat the Harlequins

G. E. C. Hudson, one of the 'Quins insides, is away with three or four Old Boys after him. The Merchant Taylors beat the Harlequins by a goal and two penalty goals (11 points) to a try (3) at Teddington. Huskisson scored all the O.M.T.'s points; Brooke crossed the line for the Harlequins

The Championship Match

Harold Thomas has not tackled in time to prevent a pass—but in time to prevent a good one. McCall is ready to down the Irishman who takes it. This open mêlée was characteristic of the Cardiff match in which the Welsh XV., thanks to a dogged pack, won the Championship from Ireland by a penalty goal to nothing

Sabu, a Mysore Orphan, Takes the Name Part in "Elephant Boy"

Ho, Jumbo !

Elephants on Parade in America and India

"Elephant Boy" is the London Films' picture that Robert Flaherty is making of the Kipling story, "Toomai of the Elephants." Sabu, the boy who is to play the name-part, is a twelve-year-old orphan whose father was mahout to the Maharajah of Mysore. The film is being made in Mysore, with a palace called Chittaranjan Mahal as laboratory and living quarters

Jimmy Durante, who has now shaken Hollywood's dust off his feet and gone back to clowning on Broadway, is one of the stars of "Jumbo," the huge circus-revue-spectacle that has been packing the New York Hippodrome since November. Rosie, the elephant, is another star; so is Paul Whiteman, and the whole thing has given New York its small-talk gambit since the opening night

Vandamm, New York

Jimmie Durante and Rosie in New York's "Jumbo"

The Point-to-Point Season is in Full Gallop

Mr. Peter Borwick Won a Race

Scots Greys Losers

Mr. Peter Borwick (left) won the Scots Greys' race for the Sprot Challenge Cup over a course at Barkby, in the Quorn country. It's his mother, Mrs. Borwick, who is giving him his drink and sandwiches. Above are the Earl of Macduff, Prince Arthur of Connaught's son, and Major St. Lawrence, who also rode in the Scots Greys' steeplechase

V.W.H. (Cirencester)

Earl Bathhurst is joint Master with Viscount Knutsford of the Cirencester V.W.H., who held their point-to-point at Siddington. With him is Mr. John Rankin, son of the late Secretary

East Essex

Left: Mr. A. K. Motion, Master of the East Essex since 1930, is talking to Mrs. Guy Blewitt and Mrs. J. Cooper Brand. The East Essex meeting was at Panfield, near Braintree

South and West Wilts.

Bicester and Warden Hill

Left: Captain and Mrs. C. M. Wellesley-Wesley watched a race together at the South and West Wilts meeting at King's Deveril. Captain Wellesley-Wesley is now joint Master with Mr. J. G. Morrison; he used to be Master of the Isle of Wight

Above: Mr. Ronald Cartland, who is M.P. for King's Norton, his sister, Mrs. Barbara McCorquodale, and Mr. Tom Willes were at the Bicester and Warden Hill point-to-point. Mr. Willes was second in the open Nomination Race

Swaebe

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Smith

Were at the North Warwickshire Hunt meeting at Banner Hill, near Kenilworth. They were married last month (Mrs. Murray Smith was Ulrica Thynne) and are Quorn regulars

Right: Mr. W. Bell, Mr. A. Hall-Watt, M.F.H., the Duke of Northumberland, M.F.H., and Mr. H. Sordy were at the joint Percy, West Percy, and Lt.-Col. Milvain's point-to-point at Heckley. Mr. Sordy won the Heckley Stakes on his Wellfield

A Joint Point-to-Point in Northumberland

Right: Mrs. Eileen Buchanan, Lady Priscilla Willoughby, and her sister, Lady Catherine Ramsden, and Mr. John Ramsden were at the big spring event of the Melton part of the world

At The Melton Hunt Steeplechases

More Leicestershire Faces at the Hunt Steeplechase Meeting at Melton

Mrs. Gerald Portman, Lady Manton, and the Hon. Lancelot Lowther made a Melton trio. Mrs. Portman is Canadian and married the Hon. Gerald Portman's son in 1926

Captain J. D. Player is talking to Lady Brecknock and his own attractive wife. Melton had one of last week's fine spring days for its annual steeplechase meeting

These three are Miss Patricia and Miss Diana Harrison, two of Major Jack Harrison's daughters, and Lord Amherst of Hackney, who is in the Blues, and a bachelor of twenty-four

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Oxford and Cambridge Golf Teams

SHORTLY before the Oxford versus Cambridge golf match every year, the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society play each University on the links of the Rye Golf Club, on consecutive days, and from the results of these matches, some people imagine they can prophesy which team will win the Varsity match. In fact, these matches are by no means a sound method of judging the merits of the two teams. The Society team consists of men who have, or who say they have, been working hard all the week, and who consequently are better golfers on Sundays than on Saturdays, as they have had a day's practice. Also the weather conditions may be entirely different, and the course on which the Varsity match takes place may suit one of the teams better than the links at Rye does. Trial matches are seldom a reliable guide by which to select winners.

IF anyone relied on the form shown at Rye this year, he would imagine that the inter-Varsity is going to be a very close affair, with the advantage slightly with Oxford, as its team had the disadvantage of playing on the Sunday, and was without two of its regular players, namely, Scott and Plant, while Cambridge had their full team in action. The results of these two matches were the same, the Society winning both matches by 11 matches to 5. I personally think, and naturally hope, that Cambridge will win, but my readers will be in a better position to judge than I am, as the foursomes will have been played when this issue of the BYSTANDER appears. The Cambridge first three players are as certain, as anything can be certain in the game of golf, to win at least two matches. I cannot see J. S. L. Lyon, the Captain and present Amateur Champion of Germany, or C. de G. Watermeyer, who is a South African, and has won the Championship of the Western Province for the last three years, getting beaten.

Qualifying for the "Mail" Tournament

The Southern qualifying rounds for the "Daily Mail" £2000 Professional Golf Tournament were played at the Fulwell Club. Captain W. L. King (secretary, Fulwell) is with Comdr. Roe (secretary, Prof. Golfers' Association)

The Household Brigade v. Worplesdon

The Golfing Society of the Household Brigade met Worplesdon Club at West Byfleet. E. D. Dickson and Capt. Wood were playing for the Club, and Capt. Sir Anthony Mildmay and Capt. Hirst for the Brigade. "Lukie," Capt. Hirst's chow, follows his master round the course

AT the present time it is not known officially who will play who, but if it takes place, and it appears likely to, the match between P. B. Lucas, the Cambridge Secretary, and A. A. Duncan, the Oxford Captain, should be a great battle, and will undoubtedly attract the majority of the spectators.

Duncan holds the advantage; he has beaten Lucas this year in the President's Putter, but this match was played at Rye, and not at Hoylake, the scene of the Varsity match, and at the time Lucas had played little golf after an enforced rest due to an injury to his wrist. It is in Lucas' favour that he was successful in the Varsity match last year by a large margin, while Duncan lost. Duncan is an improved player since last March. He is now considerably longer off the tee and through the green, and his short game and putting, which has always been extremely efficient, is as good as ever; his father and mother have both won their respective Welsh Championships, so if he follows in their footsteps, he should be a good match player.

Cambridge have an advantage at the top of the team and also, I think, at the bottom, while Oxford is stronger in the middle. Three old Blues in the Cambridge team—Pope, Dickinson and Ellis—have had a lean season, but before now many a man who has had a very bad season, has found his proper game when the big match of the year takes place. W. F. Ellis certainly should have good golf in him, as his father Guy Ellis is a distinguished golfer about whom many amusing stories are told, and his uncle Humphrey Ellis has helped Eton on more than one occasion to win the Halford Hewitt Cup and, when he was up at Oxford, won his single in the inter-Varsity match in four consecutive years, a feat no other man has performed. I do not know what tees will be used this year at Hoylake, but if the tees which have been constructed for the Open Championship, which give the links a length of over 7000 yards are in play, Cambridge should benefit.

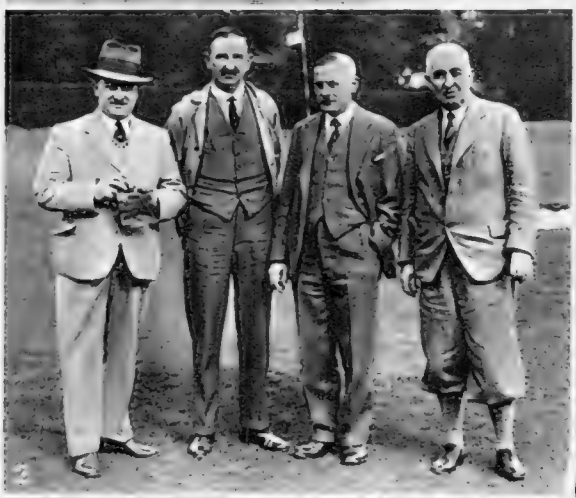
DURING these matches at Rye, the new fourteenth hole was played for the first time, and met with general approval. The great holes, as a rule, do not impress when first seen or played; it is only when they are known more intimately that their merits are fully realised. Whether this hole continues in favour or not, there is little doubt that it is a considerable improvement on its predecessor. I thought it a really good hole, and so that you can judge it to a small extent yourself, I will give a short description of it.

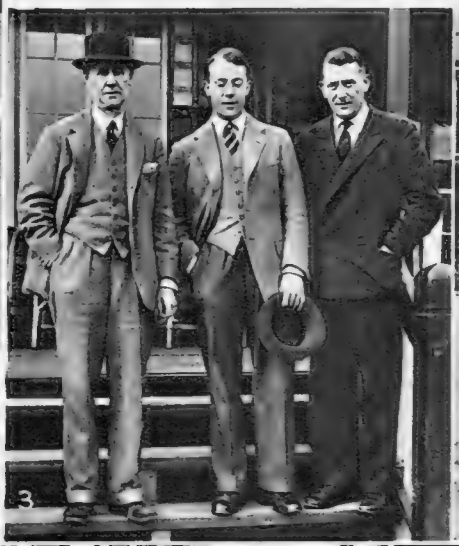
The green is to the south-east of the previous fourteenth green, under and on the sea side of the sand dunes, and the hole is probably about 180 yards long. With a slight breeze from the south-east, the majority of good players were using a number 2 iron from the tee. The green is long and narrow, and protected on the left by three bunkers, and on the right by a turf hollow, from which players are prevented from putting by a sleeper face about nine inches deep along the side of the green. A bunker here would not have been advisable, as the sand would be blown on to the green when the prevailing wind blows, and besides this, a much more difficult and interesting shot has been introduced than an explosion shot from sand, a shot which is not difficult and gives few golfers satisfaction.

A View of the Club-house

Golf Clubs at Home

Sidcup, Kent





(1) Charles Stuart (chairman), T. Chilton (ex-Kent amateur champion) and C. A. Bullock. (2) J. C. Irving (chairman of finance committee), H. Wilson (professional), R. E. Hart and A. M. Johnston (chairman of green committee). (3) W. P. Taylor (ex-captain), W. F. Taylor and E. A. Blanch (ex-captain). (4) A. C. Horn (ex-captain) and G. A. MacDonald (chairman of house committee). (5) G. C. Jarvis, H. W. Astell and N. S. McGowan (secretary). (6) S. J. Hawes, H. D. Titley and H. E. Ballard. (7) E. E. C. Graessle, R. T. Mallett and T. W. Wood. (8) C. V. Thompson (ex-captain) and A. R. S. Nicol.

Women's Golf

They 're Off: By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

THE Golf Season, with all the capitals you please, is really started, London Foursomes finished, Roehampton Gold Cup with a new name on it, and the certains, probables and possibles up at Gleneagles Hotel course for trials. Of them, more anon.

London Foursomes went with a tremendous swing, and what the event would have done if Mrs. Morrice had not been well over an operation in time to run them, had been really shipwrecked on the way back from a cruise instead of merely pleasantly excited, or had been sitting in wig and gown in the Lords (as she had been the week before)—if any of these disasters had upset the event at Sunningdale, the season would indeed have had a wry start. As it was, things have begun well, even if the last two days were somewhat arctic.

NEW names are always welcome, and Wentworth, represented by Miss Diana Fishwick and Mrs. Gage, earned their place on the cup if ever anybody did. It was Miss Fishwick's first attempt on these Foursomes, but Surrey residence, where she has been gardening hard all winter, has brought her right into the radius of the London golf, and the next thing will be her appearance for Surrey county, for which she has a birth qualification. She seems to have got back fitness and with it keenness, and with it her right form. Don't think I am belittling Mrs. Gage; she did a noble share, but she did crack up pretty badly for the first few holes of the final, and if Miss Fishwick had played one bad shot then, the side must have gone utterly to pieces. As it was, Miss Fishwick kept steadily on, and the next moment Mrs. Gage had become as brilliant as ever again. Having written all that, the dreadful thought occurs to me that I may be accused by the British Selection Committee of trying to tell them that she is playing very well and should be seriously considered for the side! But what is one to do? Facts have got to be related, and since there simply is not space to set down each good shot played by anyone and leave readers to draw their own inferences, what can be done except, say plainly how a player is playing? Readers after all have the right to know.

The Ladies' Cup at Roehampton

Miss B. Newell, won the Gold Challenge Cup, returning the best score of 80 at the Ladies' Open Meeting at Roehampton. The play was for scratch scores

IT was something of a surprise that Wentworth should beat Royal Mid-Surrey in the semi-final; both the Miss Bartons do give such a wonderful appearance of fine golf. Much of it was fine, too. Miss Pam is straighter by scores of yards than ever before; Miss Mervyn has temporarily lost her putting, but the long game is as good as ever. However, they lost the fatal eleventh when they looked like winning it, then began to putt badly and were two down and two to go, got them back, and then went a-bunkering at the nineteenth, and so were beaten.

PUTTING decided the other semi-final. Mrs. Garon holing those putts which were not dead in the early part of the game, so that they had established a useful lead before Miss Chambers and Miss Palmes had found the form which took them home last year—4 and 3 was the margin.

OF the final it may be said that Miss Fishwick was good as gold all the time, Mrs. Gage like the little girl with the curl in the middle of her fore 'ed; Mrs. Garon almost as good as Miss Fishwick, and Lady Alness a brave contributor of winning shots now and again. Addington were up first, Wentworth up at the turn, Addington up at the eleventh, Wentworth at the sixteenth. The finish was a triumph for Miss Fishwick; she came magnificently out of a horrible bunker at the eighteenth, played a clever run-up at the nineteenth and put the tee shot within three yards of the hole at the twentieth.

(*Concluded on page* vi)

Also at Roehampton

Mrs. Gilligan, the winner of the Jubilee Cup at Sandy Lodge, was also at the Ladies' Cup Match. She is the wife of the cricketer

A Golfing Galaxy at the Gleneagles Curtis Cup Trials

This twelve-starred constellation on the King's Course at Gleneagles consists of Mrs. Holm, Mrs. Garon, Miss Pam Barton, Miss Nan Baird, Miss Jessie Anderson, Mrs. J. B. Walker, Miss Diana Fishwick, Miss B. Newell, Miss Phyllis Wade, Miss Kathleen Garnham, Miss Wanda Morgan and Miss Elsie Corlett. They were all competing in the Curtis Cup Trials, from which the team is chosen to meet America

The casual graceful swagger is the most important fur silhouette this season—and dark mink suits it to perfection. Harrods superb collection includes many such examples as the coat shown at 139 gns.—all specially interesting because of the extraordinary low prices which prevail (we bought large quantities of mink before the recent increase in price). Each coat can be made to your measure at no extra charge.

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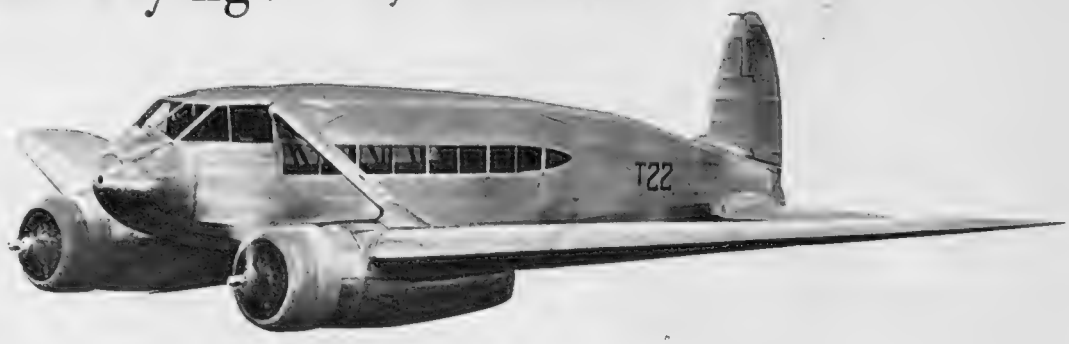
This Boom in Flying!

By Charles Ward



By General Aircraft out of Hanworth. The Monospar S.T.18, a twelve-seater de luxe which will be in service on British and Dominion air lines very shortly. Its speed is a comfortable 200 miles an hour

A Monoplane For Speed

Cause and Effect

BUT for political pressure, caused in turn by heavy armament programmes abroad, our manufacturers would not be enjoying the present boom. Orders for civil aircraft form a very small proportion of their business, and, in fact, a large number of firms do not make aircraft for private or commercial use. Many people believe that the heavy programme to fulfil Service requirements will retard development in civil aviation—the Industry will be so busy with Air Ministry work that the more speculative side will be neglected. This seems, however, to provide an opportunity for the smaller firms to step in—one which they have not been slow to appreciate. Military aviation owes a considerable debt to the commercial operator, both here and abroad, for it is he who has insisted on such aids to higher speed as retractable under-carriages, variable pitch airscrews, more heavily loaded wings. In wireless and lighting for night flying the civilian has led the way. He has also pioneered the monoplane, now being adopted in much greater numbers by the Royal Air Force.

Mrs. Keith Miller, in the news eight years ago during her flight to Australia with Captain Lancaster, is to marry Flight-Lieut. John Pugh, one of the best-known cross-Channel pilots who started the "Dawn Express"

A New Type For Training

THE change-over to monoplanes calls for a new type of trainer—one has already been produced by Philips and Powis to the design of F. G. Miles. It is called the "Nighthawk," and in appearance is very like the "Falcon," in which "Tommy" Rose put up such a magnificent flight to the Cape and back. This 'plane is intended for instrument flying and for training at night. There are side-by-side seats for pilot and pupil, and either half of the cabin can be shut off from the other by a hood, the instructor still having a good view in front of the bag. All instruments are in duplicate, and three alternative control sticks may be installed, corresponding to the different types in use in other aircraft. Seats are arranged to take the Irvin seat-pack parachute. There is a third seat so that an extra pupil can be carried, a useful innovation for training purposes, as the second man can make notes and afterwards rag Number One about his appalling exhibition with head in the bag. With a Gipsy Six the "Nighthawk" has a top speed of 175 m.p.h., cruises easily at 150, and with its flaps down lands at 50 m.p.h. I saw one flying at Croydon last week during some Service trials of floodlights for night landings, and it certainly looked a remarkably neat job.

News from the Airports

VERY few of the municipal airports are equipped to handle traffic on a twenty-four-hour basis, but amongst the most progressive is Southampton. Last autumn the Corporation spent £3500 on the most up-to-date lighting installation, which includes three powerful floodlights and a beacon, the whole equipment being under the control of one man from the tower overlooking the aerodrome. An Air Ministry wireless station is being erected to cater for more intense traffic which is expected this year. In 1935 there were twenty-three daily services in and out of Southampton, giving direct connections as far north as Liverpool, and south to the Channel Islands and Paris. More than 20,000 passengers passed through the Airport during the year. Vickers-Supermarine do their test flying at Eastleigh, and of course there is the Hampshire Club, one of the oldest in the country, which put in 2000 hours during the season. The event of the week at Heston was the departure of the first air-mail to Scandinavia, carrying letters at ordinary rates. The service is being operated by British Airways, using the four-engined De Havilland Express. For the Grand National on Friday, there has been a tremendous demand for air-taxis, both by the sporting public and the Press. A squash racquets club has been formed at Heston, with a subscription of one guinea. The Airport courts are particularly well equipped, and there is a coach in daily attendance.

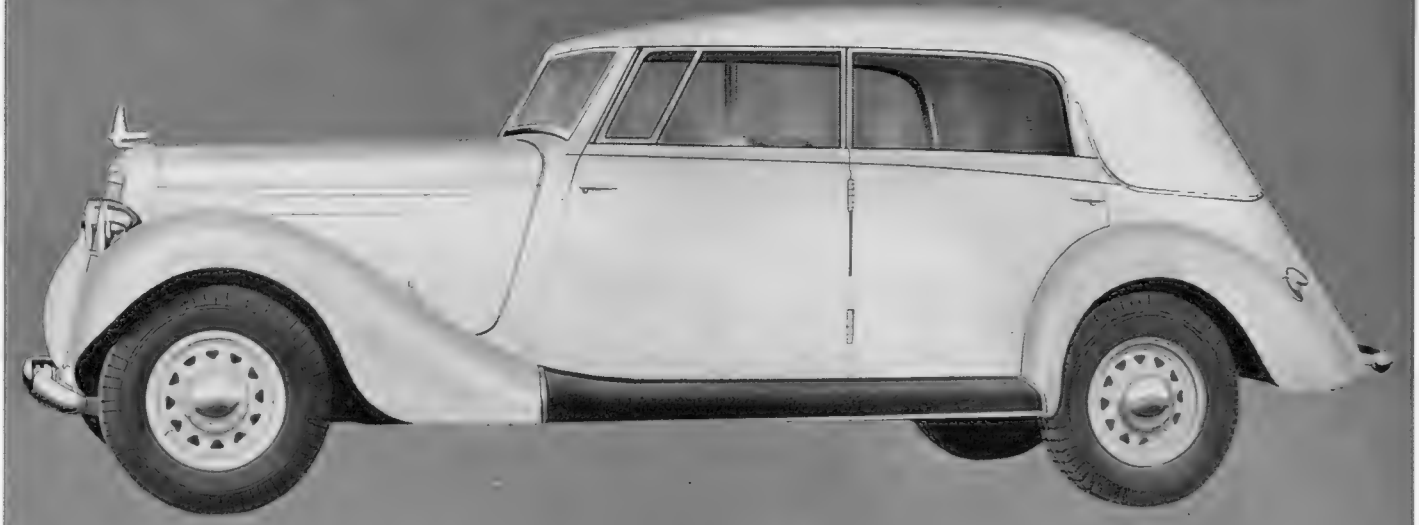
'Plane Movements

C. J. MELROSE, remembered for his fine flights between England and Australia, is returning home shortly with a "Phœnix," and there is room for a few passengers who will share expenses. His 'plane is the first from the production line at Heston, incorporating an even better view for the pilot and a number of other improvements as a result of the intensive test flying that has been carried out by Captain Lingham on the demonstration model. King Ghazi of Iraq has bought one of the standard "Dragonflys" from De Havilland's, which is to be delivered by air next month. It will be named The Golden Eagle, and the golden crown of Iraq will appear on each side of the body, with the international registration in Arabic characters. Two open handicap races are announced for the end of May and beginning of June, for both British and foreign pilots and aircraft. The first is from Hanworth to the Isle of Man and the second a three-lap circuit of the Island. The races are being promoted by the Corporation of Douglas, and particulars can be obtained from Captain Rex Stocken, at 18-20, Regent Street, S.W.1.

Sales and Service

IN the flying business there is, as yet, no equivalent to Great Portland Street and its environs—no aerodrome specially devoted to the demonstration and sale of aircraft, both new and second-hand. Of the few agents who deal in any type, Brian Lewis is probably the best known. The bulk of his stock is kept at Aldenham, near Elstree, which is a small landing-ground controlled by Aircraft Exchange and Mart. Being close to town, 'planes can be flown to any London aerodrome to suit a customer, and with a minimum of dead mileage in case the sale doesn't materialise. Stock in hand includes Moths of all kinds, a Monospar, an American six-seater "Bellanca," and Spartans.

Saloon Car Comfort for the OPEN CAR *enthusiast*



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C.F.H. 140

A Swell Guy

(Continued from page 526)

with wax. "This one is for my sister. You call a messenger and send it to that address, C.O.D. They won't bother you at the Customs because you are a British subject just passing through the country. Just get a messenger after you land. You don't mind?"

"Not at all," she said. Funny, Mr. Conklin, in all of his autobiographical conversations, had never mentioned a sister. She put the box in the pocket of her coat and once more they stood leaning against the rail.

At last she said: "Well, I suppose I should go down now. We land so early in the morning."

"Yes, we do. Look——" He smiled down at her in the faint moonlight which came through scurrying clouds of the April night. "This other box—this is for you. You 're a swell girl and I thought I 'd like to give you a little present before you go home to marry that Rector of yours——"

"Marry? I marry the Rector?"

"Sure you will. And here 's your wedding present. Don't open it until you get on the boat for England—just an idea of mine. And here 's good luck——" He leaned over her and his eyes held no trace of their old, cold look. They were laughing eyes now, full of mischief and moonlight. "Here 's luck," he said, and kissed her squarely on the lips as she had never been kissed before in all her life.

"You 're a swell girl," he said again.

"You 're—you 're a swell guy, too," she said, and laughed a little uncertainly. Really, this had proved to be an astounding voyage in every way, and now she was calling Mr. Conklin "a swell guy." The fact that she had just kissed him and enjoyed it immensely she would leave for later thinking.

"And now you 're going to bed," Mr. Conklin said as he started down the deck with her towards her cabin. "I 'll be off the boat before you 're awake. Got to see that guy about the antiques. Good-night, kid, and good-bye." He kissed her again but lightly this time, and opened her door for her and shut it quickly after her.

And that was the last Miss Amy Barclay of the North Riding of Yorkshire ever saw or heard of Mr. Conklin, purser of the s.s. Caribbean. She took the two packages ashore in her purse the next day and sent one of them away by messenger. She made no mention of either of them, nor of Mr. Conklin, of champagne, of "Smoky Joe," of dancing girls and moonlit nights, to her brother and his wife the short while she was with them before she sailed for Southampton.

She opened the smaller package the moment the big liner was past Ambrose Light. In it she found a tiny piece of purest mutton-fat jade, exquisitely carved, lovely, remote, old, a priceless piece, well worthy of a case in any museum. For Miss Barclay knew all about jade, it being the Rector's hobby. And suddenly she remembered "Smoky Joe's" one lapse into understandable English—"collector's pieces, six large ones and one small one. Best I 've seen in years, but how the hell 's a guy goin' to get 'em in? Them damn Custom guys 're too damn smart"—and how Mr. Conklin had leaned over her as if he had not heard "Smoky Joe" and said: "Let 's dance this one." And how at that moment "Smoky Joe" had acted as if someone had stepped on his foot.

The rest of the trip to Southampton Miss Amy Barclay spent in wondering just how she would explain to the Rector her possession of a piece of purest mutton-fat jade of obviously priceless value.

THE END.

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Spring Perfumes

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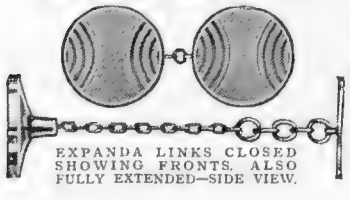

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THE BYSTANDER
when replying to their announcements.

What's On (*Continued from page D*)

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—The cabaret shows once only—at midnight; Jack Harris plays for dancing: extension, Wednesday.

DORCHESTER.—The Follies of 1936 include the Starlets, Florine McKinney, Naunton Wayne as compère, and two funny men; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—Mangan's all-American cabaret, with comedy numbers, as the show; Syd Lipton plays for dancing: extension. Thursday.

MAY FAIR.—There 's a new three-turn cabaret—dancing, an imitator, and a wise-cracker; Harry Roy's band plays: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

ODDENINO'S.—Dancing and cabaret in the restaurant; beer and Bohemianism in the famous brasserie.

PRUNIER'S.—Fish-foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please, and the wine list is also excellent; no music.

RITZ.—Café chantant is another word for good cabaret; Joe Kaye's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—There 's no cabaret, but two excellent bands—Len Hay's and the Florida Night-Owls till 11, and then the Krakajax, with Judy Shirley; one must dress to dance: extension, Wednesday.

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Women's Golf

(Continued from page 538)

ROEHAMPTON'S Gold Cup meeting the next day had a number of stars shining, and though nobody managed to get into the seventies, Miss Bridget Newell won with 80, which was not too bad, and at least she had a good field beaten, Miss Phyllis Wade, Mrs. Greenlees, Miss Cradock-Hartopp, Miss Mervyn Barton, Miss Garnham, Miss Gourlay, for instance. Roehampton are high busy, having acquired some more land beyond the eleventh green, close to the pretty lake of the Froebel College, and there has been a mass attack on worms, with grand results.

It was all very pleasant; after lunch those who knew anything about it—which to be precise was exactly four people—had lots of fun seeing off a party bound for the hush-hush trials at Gleneagles. They had chains aboard, if not a spade, and were all prepared for the worst. I see their names and the results of the trial games in to-night's evening paper, so they must have arrived, snow or not. Has the L.G.U. relented, or has some brave Pressman risked their displeasure by wiring these results? I wonder.

EVERYBODY was wondering about them, too, at Sandy Lodge open meeting for the Jubilee Scratch Cup, more particularly as the holder and one of the players who tied with her last year were amongst the twelve who, according to some estimates, were probably indulging in winter sports over the King's Course. Those at Sandy had lots of sport, too, trying to get into the hole on greens which were so much faster than anything they had met before this year, and only Mrs. Gilligan, who putted supremely well, seemed to have the right recipe for doing it. You remember she, with Miss Nan Baird, won the BYSTANDER Autumn Foursomes when she was Miss Marjorie White. Archie Compston is in process of making her an effective golfer as well as a stylish one, and she deserved her win with 82, Mrs. Peel taking second with 83 after a tie with Mrs. Guedalla.

FIRST DIVISION handicap prize went to another player in whom the BYSTANDER takes special interest—Miss Finoa Morris, aged seventeen. Funnier things might happen than her winning the Girls' Championship this year, or next; she won the handicap prize in the second division of this Jubilee meeting last year with 93—18=75, and this year with 85—11=74. Miss Bonner Davis, the Herts champion, and Miss Mordaunt won the Foursomes, Miss Dix Perkin and Mrs. Peel being second, and junior scratch and handicap prizes went to Miss Trixie Wells and Mrs. Benson respectively.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

The Editor's Box

New Travel Facilities

SUNSHINE-SEEKERS will welcome the announcement of the Riviera travel kings about thirty-day return tickets. These are available from London at a reduction of 30 per cent. to travellers leaving on a Saturday or a Monday, and from Easter for Sunday travel, too.

Holders of them obtain in addition a 25 per cent. reduction on the price of first and second class wagon-lit or Pullman accommodation in France, provided it is paid for in each direction before departure. Restaurant-car charges have been reduced as well, so that the journey south is robbed of many of its financial terrors.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON MARCH

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (1936)

At Royal Mid-Surrey, Richmond

The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (12th year), at Royal Mid-Surrey, will be played, by kind invitation of the Club, on the Men's and Ladies' Courses, on Tuesday, April 21st, 1936.

Holders: MISS AUDREY HOLMES and MISS EILEEN YOUNG.

ROYAL MID-SURREY — NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Monday, April 13th, 1936.

The "BYSTANDER" One-Day SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES, 36 holes (12th Year)

To be played at Royal Mid-Surrey, Tuesday, April 21st, 1936

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

To play in the above Foursomes at Royal Mid-Surrey, with

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

Our opponents will be

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... and *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

who will send in their own entry. OR, please fix us up with opponents

If that time is not already taken, we should like to start the first round at ..... *or if there is no free time within fifteen minutes of that we should like an earlier/later one, if possible at about* .....

(No starting time can be allotted before 9.0 or after 11.15 for the first round. Competitors will start their second round approximately 3½ hours later than their first round.)

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps limited to 30; play under half combined handicaps. Entries from couples over the handicap limit will not be accepted. Handicap certificates to be shown before play. Entries may be accepted from foreign or other competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Entries limited to 100 couples. Entries beyond that limit will be placed on a waiting list to fill any vacancies that may arise.

Competitors may choose their own partners and opponents, and in the event of their original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts if they will kindly notify Miss Helme.

Competitors may request a starting time, these being allotted in order of request, but not before 9.0 or after 11.15. Competitors will start their second round approximately three-and-a-half hours later than their first round. Play will be over thirty-six holes, eighteen holes on the Men's Course and eighteen on the Ladies' Course, and it will be decided by a draw which couples shall play on which course in the morning.

Entries close on Monday, April 13th, or earlier, if the limit of 100 couples is reached before that date. Starting times will be posted to each competitor on April 14th.

The Directors of the BYSTANDER reserve the right to add to or alter these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor will be final on all points.

PRIZES

Challenge Trophies and Replicas for the best scratch aggregate of thirty-six holes. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Men's Course. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Ladies' Course. Prizes for the best handicap aggregate of thirty-six holes. Prizes for the best handicap return on the Men's Course and on the Ladies' Course.

Ties for the aggregate will be decided by the scores returned by the tieing couples over the Men's Course; ties for the eighteen-hole prizes by the last nine holes of the tieing cards.

Exclusive of any sweeps that may be arranged, the winners of the Challenge Trophies cannot take any other prizes, nor may any pair take more than one prize. **No card taken out in the second round can compete for an eighteen-hole prize unless the pair returning it have completed and returned their first-round card.**

The Entry Form is on the left.

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• GETTING MARRIED :

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Marjorie Lacey

Patricia O'Brien

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Neville F. O'Brien, of 36, Tregunter Road, S.W.; she is engaged to John Bisset Addison, only son of Major and Mrs. Addison, of 5, Cromwell Crescent, S.W.

Kay Vaughan

Rene Ritcher

Has announced her engagement to Harry Collier, younger son of Mrs. M. G. Collier, of Swanage; she is the daughter of the late Paul Ritcher and Mrs. Ritcher, of 105, Hallam Street, W.1

Kay Vaughan

Kathleen Sharp

Is engaged to Harry David Wallace, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, of Enfield; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Sharp, of Bedford Park, Chiswick

Pearl Freeman

Zoë Clifton-Griffiths

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. E. S. and the late Mrs. Clifton-Griffiths, of Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7; she is engaged to Alan Denis Geoghegan, eldest son of Col. and Mrs. Geoghegan, of Lavethan, Blisland, Cornwall

Pearl Freeman

Barbara Skinner

Has announced her engagement to John Bolster, elder son of Major and Mrs. Bolster, of Meopham, Kent; she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Skinner, of Solihull, Warwickshire

Bassano

Betty Darley

Is the daughter of the late Com. Darley and Mrs. Oswald Hunt, of The Rectory, Godstone, Surrey; she is engaged to Lieut. Archibald John Milne Home, eldest son of Sir John and Lady Home, of Irvine House, Canobie, Dumfries

Kay Vaughan

Patricia Nicholl

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Nicholl, of 58, Frognal Lane, N.W.3; she is engaged to Fraser Martens, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Martens, of 87, Gloucester Place, W.1

Bassano

Sue Pares

Is engaged to Geoffrey Alan Jellicoe, A.R.I.B.A., of 67, Parliament Hill Mansions, N.W.5; she is the younger daughter of Sir Bernard and Lady Pares, of 9, Fellows Road, N.W.3

Kay Vaughan

Sybil Grant

Is the youngest daughter of the late G. E. Grant and Mrs. Grant-Sherman, of Ewell, Surrey; she is engaged to Frederick John Bond, only son of the late E. T. Bond and Mrs. Bond, of Reigate, Surrey

Douglas

Diana Glindon

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. R. A. Glindon, of 140, Park Lane, W.1, and Mrs. Glindon, of Ashley Croft, Epsom; she is engaged to Philip Nunneley, younger son of the late John Nunneley and Mrs. Nicholls, of Maidstone House, Epsom

Kay Vaughan

Mary Cole-Hamilton

Has announced her engagement to John Carew-Jones, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Carew-Jones, of Staines; she is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Cole-Hamilton, of Four Ways, Hertford Road, Hoddesdon

Vandyk

Patricia Pringle

Is the elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Pringle, of The Grange, Buckland St. Mary, Somerset; she is engaged to Ralph Harrison, only son of the late Major and Mrs. Harrison

Douglas

Daphne Wood

Daphne Crompton Wood, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Crompton Wood, of Bruern Abbey, Churchill, Oxfordshire, has announced her engagement to Rolf Thoresen, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Thoresen, of Oslo

Pearl Freeman

Edith Dawkins

Is the daughter of the late Major Dawkins and Lady Bertha Dawkins, of Kensington Palace; she is engaged to Anthony Wheeler, of 1, Knightsbridge Mansions, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Montague Wheeler

Fayer of Vienna

Prunella Beckett

Prunella Beckett is the youngest daughter of the Hon. Sir Gervase Beckett, Bart., of 37, Green Street, W.1, and the late Hon. Mrs. Beckett, and a sister of Mrs. Anthony Eden; she is engaged to Dr. Bathurst Norman

McDowall—Walford

Kenneth Stewart Patrick McDowall, Sudan Political Service, eldest son of the late Rev. S. A. and Mrs. McDowall, of Winchester, and Joan Walford, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Walford, of Rookwood, Allbrook, Hants, were married at St. Matthew's, Otterbourne, Hants.

Hay—Nickalls

Captain J. W. Hay, 9th Jats, Indian Army, and Everild Nickalls, had a St. Columba's, Pont Street, wedding. His parents are Colonel and Mrs. W. N. Hay, of Doward House, Whitchurch, Hereford; hers are the late Brig.-General N. T. Nickalls and Mrs. Nickalls, of The Dower House, Woolley, Wakefield

Symonds — Armitage

Lieut. K. M. Symonds, R.N., son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Symonds, of Sherborne St. John's, Hants, and Miss Anne Armitage, daughter of the late J. B. Armitage and Mrs. Armitage, of Northlea, Altrincham, Cheshire, were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields

Bourdillon — Bainbridge

Bernard Bourdillon is the son of Sir Bernard and Lady Bourdillon, of Government House, Lagos, Nigeria; Joy Bainbridge is the elder daughter of Colonel Norman Bainbridge and Mrs. Bainbridge, of Moolsford Manor, Goring, Berks.; they were married at Goring Parish Church

Morley-Fletcher — Gregson

Edward Morley-Fletcher and Elisabeth Gregson were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. He is the son of Bernard Morley-Fletcher, of Cuttmill Rise, Shackleford, Surrey, and she is the daughter of the late Colonel Lancelot Gregson and Lady Violet Gregson, of 3, Cadogan Gardens, S.W.1

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

March 25—March 31

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Jessica Tandy well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—This domestic comedy of quarrels and making-up is amusingly apt—and runs and runs; Diana Churchill and Richard Bird are the young couple Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DUSTY ERMINE.—A tangled skein of forgery and love with Leonora Corbett, David Horne and William Fox: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE IBSEN CYCLE.—*A Doll's House, Rosmersholm, Hedda Gabler,* and *The Master Builder* repeat themselves in that order fortnightly, for three days each. Lopokova Jean Forbes-Robertson, Clarke-Smith, and John Laurie play the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—A charming piece from the Chinese by S. I. Hsiung, played à la chinois. Esmé Percy, Thea Holme, and Viola Tree: Little, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARY TUDOR.—Flora Robson as Mary of England, Joyce Bland as Elizabeth, Marius Goring as Philip of Spain: Playhouse, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—Robert Speaight in T. S. Eliot's play about Thomas à Becket: Mercury. 8.30 (not Monday). Fri., Sat., 2.30.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Helen Jerome's dramatised version of Jane Austen, with Celia Johnson as Elizabeth, Dorothy Hyson as Jane, and Leueen Macgrath as Lydia; décor by Rex Whistler: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PROMISE.—Bernstein's family drama is as brilliantly acted as it is theatrically effective; Madge Titheradge, Ralph Richardson and Edna Best head the fine cast: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

RED NIGHT.—Robert Donat manages and leads in this powerful propaganda play about a young man in the war; also John Mills and George Carney: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—This record-breaking piece comes off on Saturday. John Gielgud produced; he and Peggy Ashcroft are the star-crossed pair, Mercutio (Laurence Olivier) and the Nurse (Edith Evans) are unforgettable: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.15.

ST. HELENA.—Kenneth Kent plays l'Empereur in Sherriff's and Miss de Casalis's play about Napoleon's last days: Daly's. 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

TO-NIGHT AT 8.30.—Noel Coward's short plays vary nightly, and make the best light entertainment in town. The author and Gertrude Lawrence play the leads in them all: Phœnix, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—Still one of the best plays on, amusing and sometimes moving; Cedric Hardwicke and Eugénie Leontovich continue their grand acting: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

A WINTER'S TALE.—William Devlin and Vivienne Bennett in the old and ever-new story: Old Vic, 8 Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

ALL ALIGHT AT OXFORD CIRCUS.—A hip-hooray kind of vaudeville with Harry Roy's band and lots of comic constellations: Palladium, 6.25 and 9.

AT THE SILVER SWAN.—Cheerful musical piece about the Australian 1870 goldfields, with chorus of bushrangers: Delysia and Steve Geray are in it: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30

FOLLOW THE SUN.—Cochran's 1936 revue is "first and last a spectacle"; décor by Ernst Stern, music by Arthur Schwartz, a ballet by Osbert Sitwell, Rumbaland, Muchachos, and Young Ladies are all parts of it: Adelphi, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girls'-school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobby Howes an intruding young man; and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 74.—Edna Thompson returns to the cast for a Monte Carlo number. There is also Mischa de la Motte, a "five-voiced" entertainer; Gus Chevalier and Hugh Rene continue to salt the show with humour: Windmill, 1.20—11.30 non-stop.

SEEING STARS.—A slim story sends Leslie Henson into numerous predicaments and the audience into fits of laughter. Fred Emney, Hildegarde, and Louise Browne enhance the merriment: Gaiety, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE SHOW THAT JACK BUILT.—The new revue-comedy stars Randolph Sutton, Jimmy James, and Frank Randle: Alhambra, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30

1066 AND ALL THAT.—Sellar and Yeatman's brilliant idea of burlesquing history continues to occupy a big cast and bigger audiences in this revue-history-farce: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE TOWN TALKS.—Charlot's new revue is by Arthur Macrae; lyrics and music by Vivian Ellis; June and Arthur Pisoe are the stars: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

TWENTY TO ONE.—Long odds, but they win in this musical sporting farce with Lupino Lane and Clifford Mollison: Coliseum, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

CHILDREN, TO BLESS YOU!—Mary Jerrold is the mother of a charming but unruly family in this domestic comedy; Irene Brown is an unpleasant aunt: Duke of York's. 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LAST OF THE LADIES.—A comedy by Will Freshman. Nicholas Hannen, Adèle Dixon, Hedley Briggs, and Athène Seyler take part: Apollo, 8.30.

THE LIMPING MAN.—A mixture of horrors and hilarity; this piece nears its 250th performance: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE MAN IN DRESS CLOTHES.—Sir Seymour Hicks revives the piece, and plays the part that he made famous. Margaretta Scott leads opposite him: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Extraordinary character sketch of a cheerful young megalomaniac, written and acted by Emlyn Williams. Laughter, horrors and sympathy are well emphasised by Angela Baddeley and Dame May Whitty: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NO EXIT.—Robert Douglas in a doubtful thriller about murder for a bet and by a mistake: St. Martin's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—James Bridie transports Bruno Franck's *Sturm im Wasserglas* to a Scottish scene. Roger Livesey, Sara Allgood, and Ian McLean are fun in this comedy-satire: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—A great laugh from the U.S. in the shape of an old plot cleverly redone; Romney Brent and Bernard Nedell lead the all-American cast: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—Leslie Banks and Elena Miramova in a piece of peculiar horror about murder for art's sake: Garrick, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

WISDOM TEETH.—The successful Embassy comedy: Beatrix Thompson, Edith Sharpe, Ronald Adam, and Martin Lewis are in it: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

First Nights

LOVE FROM A STRANGER.—Frank Vosper's play based on Agatha Christie's story about a professional Bluebeard has Mr. Vosper, Marie Ney, and Muriel Aked in it: New, Tues., 31st.

CINEMAS

CATCHING CROCODILES.—An animal film from Australia, the "March of Time" No. 6, technicolour, magazine and news films: Tatler.

COME OUT OF THE PANTRY.—Jack Buchanan is a waiter in this second-run comedy, and Fay Wray is the charming waitee: Marble Arch Pavilion.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.—French film of Dostoyevsky's novel, Pierre Blanchar as Raskolnikov; Chenal directed: Academy.

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION.—Lloyd Douglas's novel makes a film with Irene Dunne and Robert Taylor as stars: scenes are in New York and Paris: Regal.

MERLUSSE.—Provençal for Cod-Fish, a nickname for a brutal professor in a Lycée film starring Henri Poupon: Curzon.

METROPOLITAN.—Lawrence Tibbett returns to the screen with Virginia Bruce in yet another opera-singer story: Plaza.

THE MILKY WAY.—Harold Lloyd is a milkman in his new farce, and Adolphe Menjou trains him as a boxer: Carlton.

MODERN TIMES.—Charlie Chaplin's new comedy-tragedy-satire on these industrial days draws crowds to see him and Paulette Goddard at the Tivoli.

RHODES OF AFRICA.—Walter Huston as the great patriot, Basil Sydney as Dr. Jameson—also Oscar Homolka and Frank Cellier: New Gallery.

STRIKE ME PINK!—Eddie Cantor's new film, with Sally Eilers and, of course, the Goldwyn Girls: London Pavilion.

THINGS TO COME.—H. G. Wells supervised the making of this spectacular film from his book, *Shape of Things to Come.* Ralph Richardson, Raymond Massey, Margaretta Scott, and Ann Todd are in it: Leicester Square.

WHIPSHAW.—Myrna Loy is a lovely diamond thief in this light-hearted film, Spencer Tracy a G-man on her track: Empire.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:
TOSCA.—To-night, 25th, 8.
DIE FLEDERMAUS.—Thurs., 26th 8.
FALSTAFF.—Fri., 27th, 8.
BORIS GODUNOV.—Sat., 28th, 7.45.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:
LE LAC DES CYGNES.—Sat., 28th, 2.30.
LES RENDEZVOUS, APPARITIONS, DOUANES.—Tues., 31st, 8.30.

EXHIBITIONS

GAINSBOROUGH EXHIBITION.—A loan show of drawings and paintings by the great Englishman in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital: 45, Park Lane, 11—7.

ARTHUR WATTS MEMORIAL EXHIBITION.—Portraits, Landscapes, Sketches: 148, New Bond Street.

CONCERTS

Recitals

PETER BORNSTEIN.—Charles Lynch accompanies the violinist in works by Bach, Mozart, Debussy, and Sinding: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 25th, 8.30.

LOTTE LEHMANN.—Her only recital this season: Queen's Hall, Sat., 28th, 8.15.

LARRY ADLER.—The Harmonica (mouth organ) virtuoso in a classical recital—works by Kreisler, de Falla, Ravel, and himself: Grotrian Hall, Sat., 28th, 3.

KREISLER.—Royal Albert Hall, Sun., 29th, 3.

Orchestral and Choral

B.B.C. ORCHESTRA.—Adrian Boult conducts them and the B.B.C. Choral Society in Béla Bartók's Cantata Profana and Beethoven's Ninth: Queen's Hall, to-night, 25th, 8.30.

L.P.O.—Sir Thomas Beecham conducts in Boccherini's Symphony in D, Chauson's in B flat, and Brahms' in C minor: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 26th, 8.15.

BACH CHOIR.—Six soloists and the choir, with the L.P.O., conducted by Reginald Jacques, in Bach's St. Matthew Passion: Queen's Hall, Sun., 29th, 11 a.m. (Part I.), 2.30 p.m. (Part II.).

L.P.O.—Rachmaninov is the soloist and Dr. Sargent the conductor, in the "Beatrice and Benedict" Overture (Berlioz), Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloë" Suite, Borodine's 2nd symphony, and Rachmaninov's Concerto No. 3: Queen's Hall, Mon. and Tues., 30th and 31st, 8.15.

(*Continued on page* v)

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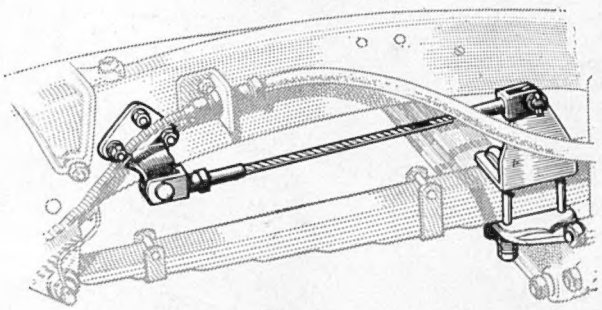

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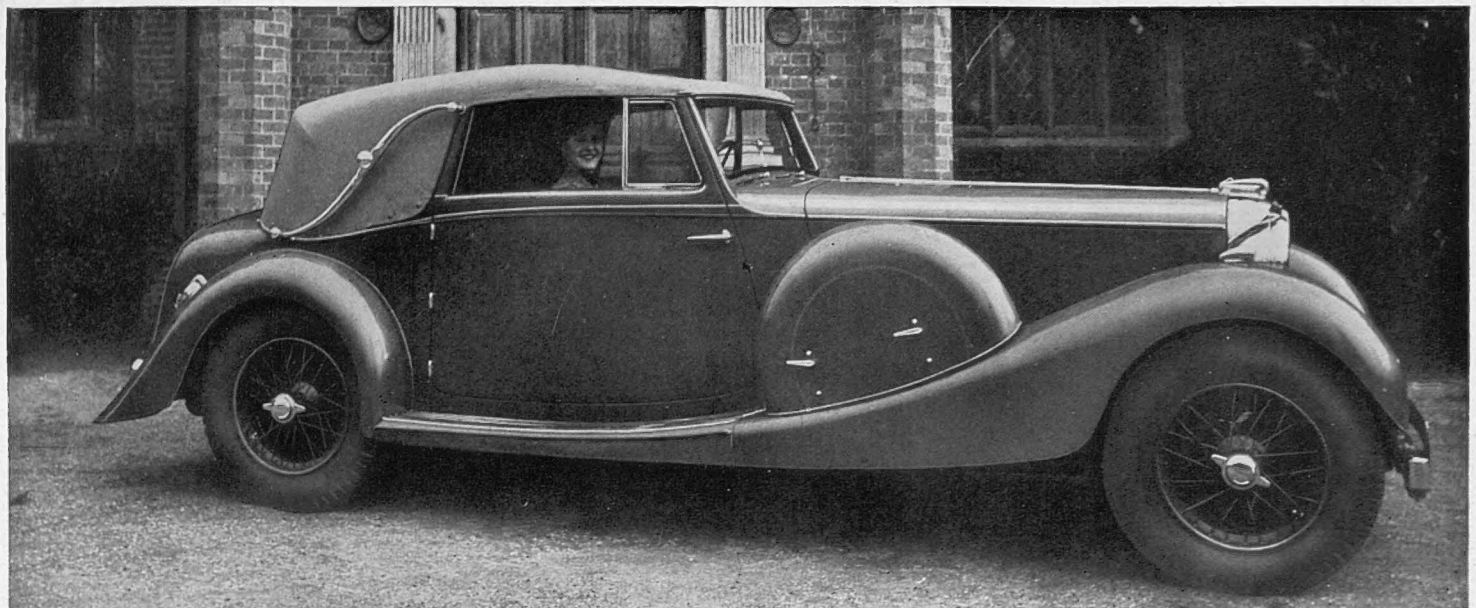

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